

THE LONDON MERCURY

Vol. VI No. 32

June 1922

EDITORIAL NOTES

WHEN the Mount Everest expedition went off we wondered whether there was anybody with it who would be able to do it justice in a book. The official narrative of the last expedition is excellent as such books go, but its author would be the last, we imagine, to expect that it will become a classic of our literature. And what is true of that work is true also of most of the memorable modern journeys and voyages.

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MANY remarkable expeditions have gone out from these shores in our generation, across Africa, to the hinterland of Asia, to the East Indies, to the environs of the Poles. Their avowed object is commonly scientific. There are atmospheric pressures to be ascertained, or a quadruped is to be located, or a blank space in the map is to be filled, or coal is to be discovered in some place where it will never be worked. Whether the increase of scientific knowledge is always the dominant motive of those who have accompanied, or even led, these expeditions is another matter. Often enough, we conceive, it has been the adventure that has appealed, the struggle with hardship, the prospect of walking where men have not walked and seeing what men have not seen, the sporting chance of succeeding where others have failed. But whatever the motive of the search, a businesslike report has to be made, and often we get little else.

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WITH rare exceptions the books, however meritorious, produced by these enterprises are of two kinds. On the one hand we have the bald scientific record, with daily progress accurately marked, and supplementary chapters recording various aspects of the general survey. These

are sometimes models of concision and mines of information ; sensible, modest, written with lucidity if without distinction. On the other hand are the volumes in which an attempt is made to do justice to " scenery " and the emotions felt in its presence, the hues of sunset on the desert, the silence of the snows. There is some doctor or geologist aboard who may not have had much practice in writing but has done some reading, who knows his Stevenson and his Pater. He tries to reveal the human and the poetic, tells stories of men and, drawing deep breaths, dives into extensive purple patches of rhetorical description. Usually these pages about iridescent icebergs and impenetrable fastnesses send us hurrying back to the tables of temperature : impulse and ambition have been there, but not competence. Surely literature, if not the cause of physical science, might be well served if sometimes the experiment were made of taking with a party of exploration a man chosen solely on account of his ability to write well and interestingly !



WE are aware that it is not for everybody to propose himself for a walk across New Guinea or a dash on a sledge to the Pole. Quite likely there is not a man of letters alive who possesses the robust breathing apparatus demanded of a climber who shall get to the top of Everest—if anybody ever does get there. Very likely it would be difficult to find a good writer who would consent, even had he the necessary stamina and physique, to court almost certain death in an attempt to reach the Pole with a party of four. We conceive that our attaché would more often than not stop four thousand feet from the peak or remain with his ship at the base, where high altitudes or low latitudes were in question. But on many expeditions there is no need for the abnormal qualities demanded there : everybody must go all the way, and there are many writers of distinction who would be quite capable of lasting the distance. Great age would, of course, rule a man out of everything ; habitual invalidity, delicacy of constitution, the absence of legs or eyes : all these things are obvious. The field is patently restricted, but we are sure that there are twenty men in England who, given the chance, would write a far better book about the Congo or the Antarctic than has yet been written, and who have quite enough strength of limb and spirit to carry on as well as the selected Boy Scouts who now seem to be an indispensable concomitant of any expedition into outlandish parts.



WE don't suggest for a moment that expeditions should exist in order that men should write finely about them, any more than we suggest that the principal *raison d'être* of love is, or should be, the production

of sonnets. But it is a good thing that poets have been in love, and it would be a good thing that prose writers should have been explorers. Not everybody has had the capabilities of a Herman Melville or the money of a Waterton. Even Melville would have been hard put to it to get near the Pole or to Lhassa by the simple expedient of shipping as a foremast hand; and marriage put an end, for financial reasons, to his ability to travel at all. The beauty of strange forests and strange seas, the customs of lost peoples are only a part of the world of experience and observation that is open to us. They need not be too sedulously attended to. But we do suggest that they are worth at least as much attention as the ground-floor of the Café Royal and that they get far less, owing to the simple fact that few people with an ability to observe (except in a restricted scientific sense), and still fewer with the gift of saying precisely what they see and feel, ever get a chance of writing about them. The difficulty is purely mechanical. We believe that if the organisers of the expedition to Everest had solicited in the right quarters the companionship (provided money could be arranged for) of a competent man of letters of sound physique and willing to go as far as his legs and lungs could carry him, they would have got one with ease. And, unless the selection were very stupidly made, they would have got ultimately a book which might have been a classic. For there are some themes which will produce classics from almost anyone who has sensibility, an eye, and a capacity for handling English: provided they get contact with the theme.



CONCEIVABLY one of our readers may at this moment be thinking of financing an expedition to Nova Zembla, Baffin Bay, or the Solomon Islands. He (or his advisers) will have estimated for his ship; he will have gone closely into the matter of stores; he will have provided for a captain, mates, crew, doctor, carpenter, geologist, astronomer, hydrographer, meteorologist, and the Lord knows what else. If he has found an inspired carpenter, well enough; best of all, perhaps. But if not, let him cast his eye, in imagination, over all that company and imagine the sort of narrative which, at best, it is likely to produce. If the result of his reflection be what it is likely to be let him consider the engagement of an extra hand. Not a dilettante, not a deliberate seeker of sensations, not an avowed "lord of language" (terrible boast!), but a man who has given proof of his ability to react to his surroundings and to write. We dare not mention names lest we be suspected of a sinister desire to send certain gentlemen to the Antipodes. But we could, and there are many other people who could. If the suggestion be not adopted we shall go on regarding these fat books about expeditions as books to be skimmed or, at least, to be read once and never again. They almost all, for most people, fall naturally into the class of what are called "library books." What chances have been missed! What chances may be missed in the next five years!

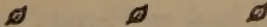
NEWS of the death of Sir Walter Raleigh reached us too late to permit of more than the brief notice published on another page. He was one of the most fascinating literary characters of his time, and we hope to publish in our next number a fuller appreciation of him, written by one of his friends. The Oxford School of English grew from acorn to oak under his care; the appointment of a successor will be awaited with very great interest.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Professor of English Literature at Oxford, died on May 13th. He had recently returned from Bagdad, where he caught typhoid, and which he had visited (by aeroplane) in connection with the official War history of the R.A.F. which he was writing. Sir Walter, who was sixty-one, was educated at King's College, Cambridge. After short periods of teaching at Aligarh and Manchester, he became Professor at Liverpool in 1890, went to Glasgow in 1900, and was appointed to the Oxford Chair in 1904. He was not a very fertile writer; mere bookmaking, of however erudite a kind, was abhorrent to him, and his interests were very wide. His last adventure, when over sixty, was characteristic; his friends had been in the habit of remarking that he would have been happiest as a sailor or explorer; it was personality in action that he looked for chiefly in literature; and his heroes, from Shakespeare and Drake to Johnson and Chatham, were many-sided and vigorous men who embodied in his eyes the strength and richness of the national character at its best. Yet as a critic he had a very wide range, and if he was not prolific he never gave less than his best. His *Shakespeare* and his *English Voyagers* may have been his own favourite books; but his *Style* is a small classic of criticism, and his *Wordsworth* the best book that has ever been written on the subject. He wrote well and very undemonstratively. His conversation was the delight of a large circle of friends, and few young writers have come out of modern Oxford without owing a debt of gratitude to him for wise advice and sympathetic encouragement.



LAST year an appeal for £30,000 was made on behalf of the Old Vic. The money was required to re-house the Old Vic.'s neighbour, Morley College, which is the involuntary obstacle to the alteration and extension of the Royal Victoria Hall, which is necessary if the London County Council's requirements are to be complied with. The Council of Morley College have now reinforced the appeal. They state that "if the necessary sum is raised, they will move the College to another building with a sense of relief that they have not been forced to stand in the way of one of the most purely beneficial enterprises in London." The year of grace allowed by the Council is passing, and we would urge every reader who has ever come into contact with the work of the Old Vic. to send a contribution to the Secretary, Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, S.E.1.



THE Beaumont Press, of 75 Charing Cross Road, announces the publication shortly of *After Berneval*. The volume contains a collection of thirty letters, hitherto unpublished, written at Naples and Paris, from Oscar Wilde to Robert Ross, from September, 1897, to March, 1898. The letters trace the gradual evolution of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. The edition is limited to four hundred numbered copies at a guinea each, and seventy-five numbered copies on Japanese vellum signed by publisher and artist at two pounds five shillings. The Press also announces a manual on the theory and practice of classical and theatrical dancing.

LAST year we announced particulars of the Blindman Prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, offered annually through the Poetry Society of South Carolina by W. van R. Whittall. The first award has now been made. Miss Amy Lowell was sole judge of the manuscripts submitted, which numbered three hundred and fifty. The prize has been awarded to Grace Hazard Conkling for her poem, *Variations on a Theme*. The competition is open to any citizen of the United States and to any British subject speaking English as his or her native language. Poems must be original and unpublished, and over fourteen lines in length. Manuscripts should be sent to Du Bose Heyward, The Poetry Society of South Carolina, Charleston, S.C., U.S.A. Fuller particulars will be found in our number for December, 1921, on pages 117 and 118.



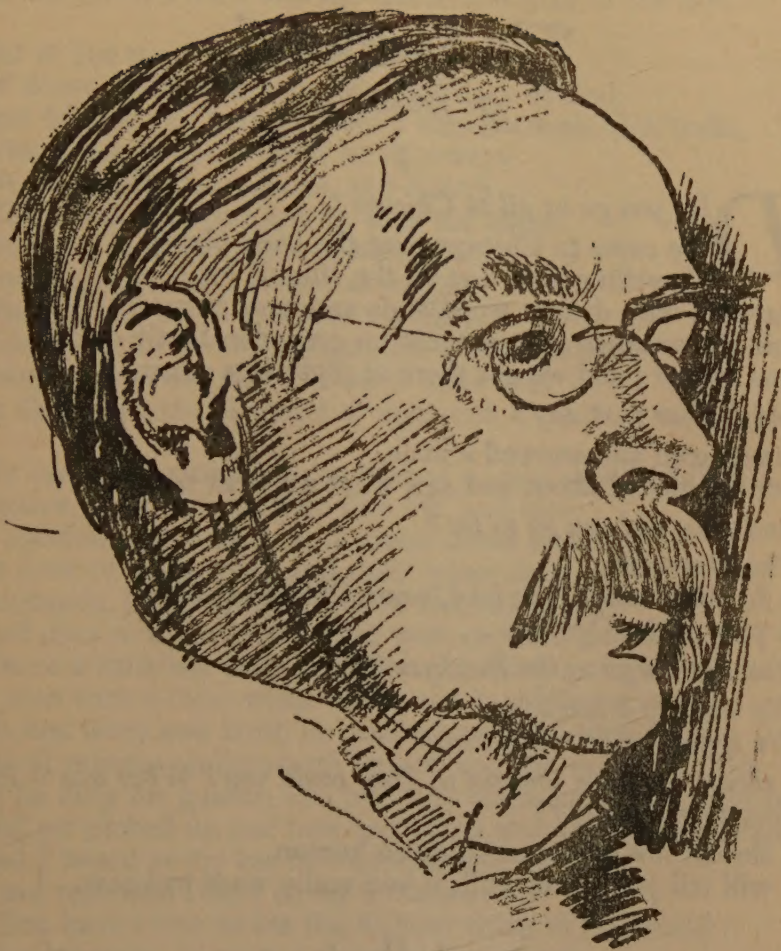
THE First Edition Club of 17 Pall Mall East, S.W.1, is a novel enterprise. The prospectus says that "the frequent difficulty of obtaining first editions experienced by even regular buyers has prompted the formation of the First Edition Club, with the primary object of providing a book service that shall also be a first edition service." The promoters say that they will make it their business to supply members with first editions of all books they order when ordinary book channels would fail them. "Expert information on literary matters can always be obtained, and a comprehensive file of information and annotated bibliographical data are available for use of members." The entrance subscription to the Club is one guinea, expiring twelve months from the date of payment, with a subsequent annual subscription of half-a-guinea.



AN appeal has been issued for subscriptions for the preservation and endowment of the birthplace of the Scotch poet Michael Bruce (1746-1767). Bruce, who died in his twenty-first year, was in all probability the author of the famous *Ode to the Cuckoo*, which has been attributed to Logan. Had he lived, he might have been a very considerable poet. Among his other works were Biblical paraphrases, the best known of which are perhaps those beginning "Where High the Heavenly Temple Stands," and "O God of Bethel by Whose Hand." Contributions will be received by R. S. Young, Esq., Kinross, or by James MacKenzie, Esq., J.P., Custodian and one of the Trustees, 2 Rillbank Crescent, Edinburgh. The cottage is at Kinnesswood, overlooking Loch Leven.



IN our notice of Mr. Weaver's book on Herman Melville we mentioned the name of the American publisher but omitted to state that the book was published in this country by the Oxford University Press.



MODERN PORTRAITS—V :

:: EDMUND GOSSE ::

Drawn by POWYS EVANS

POETRY

*The Stockyard**

(To Robert Frost)

I

*D*ID you go at all to Chicago?

We came to Chicago over the wide plain,
 Travelling all a day on the Illinois plain,
 Dappled with distant woodlands and cosy farms.
 And the weather as time went on grew constantly colder
 And wetter; and we got there at night in a storm.

Did it clear next day?

It was cold and snowed a little,
 But we moved about and saw what we went to see.

And what did you go to see?

The University,
 A football match, the lake, some Chicago people,
 A play at the Opera . . .

You did not go to the Stockyards?

We went to a Stockyard.
 We spent a morning there.

*I should not have thought it. How could you? What was it like?
 Was there cruelty?*

I should not say so, nothing so human.
 I will tell you. Keep still, if you really want to know.

II

It was cushioned and warm in the car,
 And I had a cigar;
 But icy outside. A few
 Thin snowflakes fell through the air or flew
 When a small gust blew.
 They spotted the rapid diverging lines
 Of buildings, waste-spaces, heaps
 Like the litter at tops of mines,

* Copyright in the U.S.A.

Scabrous cottages, dirty forlorn little shops,
Railroad crossings, canals and telegraph posts. . . .
I watched till monotony tired me,
Then sank away, staring only
At the driver's back and the featureless grey of the sky.

But at last we stopped at a place
Of dingy yards with towering buildings behind,
And backed and turned down a lane between high walls,
Where bumping or halted by doorways
We passed loaded wagons, and horses
Who knew not what service they did there
Plodding in the purlieus of slaughter.
And I thought as I looked about me
Was it truth when I called it a duty
That a man who ate flesh should come out here,
Being answerable for all that is done here
In this place that I dread to approach ?

We came to a yard and the door of a great new building
Square and clean ; and up in a lift, and into
A spacious hall and rows of small clerks receding,
At rows of desks, girls and their typewriters,
Inkstands, ledgers, and cords of electric lights ;
And then to a neat little office with pictures and carpet
Where a little old man awaited us, smiling and shrewd,
A man with a close white beard and twinkling eyes.
He was witty and kind, he cracked us a few little jokes
About mixing up men with beasts, and the need of guides ;
So he rang for guides, and two tidy young men came and fetched us
And we picked up our hats and sticks and walked downstairs :
And I heard at my ear in a quiet sad voice
A sad reproach that I could not answer :
" You have come to see the filthiest thing in the world :
Why have you come to a thing so loathsome,
To ask trite questions and act indifference
As now you are doing before you have started
To stroll through the filthiest place in the world ? "

So we stepped out into the cold,
And walked in pairs, wincing at wind and sleet,
Through gates, across gravel, and then to a range of buildings.
The explanations began, my guide talked profusely,
I professed an interest. But my heart was unquiet, afraid,
Trembling with fear at the expectation of strangeness,

Pledged to encounter something I could not guess :
 What people ? What duties ? What infamies done in the light
 Yet hid from the world ? . . . Who but a fool would come ?
 Would I go away now if I could ? . . . But now was too late,
 The threshold was crossed at the lowest plank of a stairway
 Rising outside a high wall. Came a whiff of the sty.
 We climbed to a gallery running along outside
 A windowless wooden loft. They were here for a day,
 The hogs who would die to-morrow. They were through that wall.
 We must pass, for we did not come to see feeding hogs. . . .
 Yet I could not help but linger and peep through a crack :
 And there in a filtered light they were scattered about,
 Scores of squat steadfast hogs, snouting at roots,
 Arrived that day with only a day's respite,
 Fattening after a journey, contentedly grunting,
 At the rest and the space and the food. . . . No notice would *they* take
 Of the new tall sides of the sty, the numerous company.
 Yet I looked at them full of fear and awe :
 Not pigs did I see but Life in a doom-filled place,
 All things and their destiny, not to be understood,
 Till my name in a courteous voice broke into my trance :
 " We have only an hour and a half : there is much to see."

The gallery led to a door and we left the sky
 And stood among beams by a flat revolving drum.
 Pigs slung by the hinder feet went round with that drum
 Squealing, and when they had soared and drooped again
 A man with a rhythmical knife let blood from their throats,
 And they passed down the shed on an endless chain, smoothly,
 At regular intervals, pig after pig after pig,
 Hung downwards, slate-coloured, pouring blood, to vanish
 Through a door. The smell came hot and enveloped us round,
 I dared not look at the others. I held my breath,
 Breathed through my mouth, thought about other things . . .
 I had to walk slowly and could not ask to go back.

A sound of perpetual scraping, a warm wet stench . . .
 And then, still steaming, moved evenly into a hall
 A line of pinkish-white pigs, atrociously naked,
 Their unders gashed with a wound from tail to head,
 Suspended parallel, a quivering pattern of trunks
 And dangling snouts and smooth flapping pointed ears,
 A shifting geometrical maze of bodies
 That trembled when turning the corners. Men stood at their posts
 Jabbing and slicing and plucking. The file moved slowly,
 And evenly opposite, over against the chain,

A belt flowed on with tight little heaps that were entrails,
 The gaping body above, the entrails below it,
 Each pile gliding in line with the belly that owned it,
 Till it came in the middle to the front of a blue-smocked figure,
 Who worked with his fingers, who dipped and peered and dipped
 In time like a clock, a man who would stand all a day,
 All a year, all a life, groping and peering in entrails
 Watching for something there that would mean disease . . .
 I remember : a negro : he'd an armlet " U.S. Inspector."

Somewhere the heads went off : when we next stood still
 In a narrow high passage, half-hogs came tumbling outward
 To the top of an inclined plane of wood, slid down
 And stuck at the base a second to be smitten in two.
 A dark young man with an axe was standing there,
 Lean-waisted, strong-armed ; one fancied a mask like a headsman's.
 He waited, axe downwards, his eyes looking at us and through us,
 His mouth was firm, chin square, he'd a slight dark moustache :
 Slavonic perhaps. There was pride and contempt in his eyes,
 And nothing else lived in his face to show what he thought.
 A carcass rushed down ; his hands went steadily upwards,
 Then down flew the axe and severed it clean between bones,
 To tumble down funnels. . . . I answered ashamed his gaze
 As he stood, imperious, erect, his eyes looking forward,
 Axe at rest, straight down from his forearm, a waiting headsman,
 A figure from allegory, a symbol of Doom.

And beyond were cool chambers where browning hogs of the past
 Hung quiet in lines that dwindled away in the distance
 In twilight and fume, being cured. The blood was behind us,
 The corridors now were steely and bare, and at last
 We came to light and the human ; in a varnished room
 Hams slid in and were placed in paper wrappers,
 Packed and sealed by pretty aproned girls,
 Dainty and clean like nursery-rhyme dairymaids ;
 And a clock marked noon as we watched, and they all broke off,
 And two of them put their arms round each others' waists,
 And went tripping upstairs to their meal, whispering and laughing ;
 All under the one vast roof with the knives and the steam.

They were hurrying outside in the grey cold yards,
 Men and women with anxious faces,
 Crossing the yard, hurrying for dinner. . . .
 But there was no rest in that place from continuous killing,
 The work with the sheep and the cattle went clanking on,
 And we threaded the bleak-faced crowd to go on with our day. . . .

A sawdusty room, very clean, surrounded with meat,
Where dealers would come, but none as yet were there ;
Cool stores of pieces all still in a blue half-light ;
And then a glimpse of the sheep-sheds : an open door
And a flock huddling in, led by a trotting goat
Trained to betray those simpletons ; woolly backs
Jammed in the pen, and further, a struggling sheep
Hauled through, and another, then dangling bodies and chains . . .
We passed through a place where a row of throat-cut calves
Hung downwards, their muzzles and tongues dripping blood to the floor :
One of them started to kick like a marionette :
We glanced and went on to the largest shed of all.

So at last we stood

In an old black gallery whose wood was dewy with death,
Old death soaked in. Across, there were bullocks entering
From the light to the dimness, patient. Were they conscious of death ?
Did they wonder what this was to which they were brought in a herd
Of strange companions, these fields with no pools, no trees,
No grass on the ground, no gentle light from above,
No leisure to kneel and sleep ? They were strangely silent ;
But once from them came most quiet and pitiful
A brief little lowing, a little plaintive moo,
Like a question that got no answer. There was not another,
No sound but the shuffling of bodies as we sauntered around
And halted above them and gazed right down on their backs.
They stood there stolid like prisoners under a guard,
And were pushed one by one to their end. For beyond a partition
We moved, and could see, directly below us, two men
Half screened by the shadows, and one had a hammer he swung.
The bullock came in and waited, staring ahead,
The hammer leapt down on his head with a loud smack,
And the beast collapsed and crumpled along the ground
To be hooked and slung and raised and swung for the slitting.
But some I saw that, dazed, fell to their knees
And needed a second blow, and one
That came to its knees and looked with uplifted head,
Bewildered, appealing, as against a dread mistake,
And the loud crack drove it down, and it lay like the rest,
And went off like the rest in the gloom and another one came,
And another, another, and passed to the high dark hall,
Where great carcasses slowly moved, or were held by men
With plunging arms, who slashed and stripped and clove.
They were dabbled with blood, the place was all painted with blood,

Splashings and drippings and clots ; blood trickled to the gutters
 Specked with white fragments of flesh. In the open space
 Of the middle men padded about in the dark red slime
 Of a flat floor paved with blood.

Dazzled and sick I passed into the light,
 Down steps, along scaffoldings, moving with the others,
 Crossing the firm's museum where they preserve
 Relics of the founder's humble beginnings,
 A rude machine and photographs of a shop.
 I talked and smiled with effort, wishing for solitude
 In an air heavy with the neighbourhood of death ;
 At moments marching mechanically, empty and vague,
 Till the thought came back again, dizzying, frightening,
 That within those pale insubstantial walls of brick
 The wheels of death were grinding, death at each stroke,
 Life pouring down a shoot to the dark Pit,
 A manufacture of death. And when we were parting,
 Shaking hands in the bright white carpeted office
 Thanking our host, while floated through the partition
 The muted multitudinous tapping of typewriters,
 Everything swam before me, I felt like falling,
 I saw again that antechamber of slaughter,
 And heard the timid lowing of that poor beast. . . .

A varied day, many people, chat about books,
 Journeys, sight-seeing, shops. In pauses outdoors,
 In streets and courts, at the edge of the ruffled grey lake,
 My nostrils were suddenly filled with a scent from the suburbs,
 A sickening, pungent, invisible reek blowing in
 Over miles of roofs. I set my teeth to my retching,
 And told myself, " It is only wood-smoke from the curing,
 It gets in your clothes in those vaults with the files of hams,
 Or even if not, if it blows, it is only wood-smoke."
 But a whisper came, " No, not smoke ; it's the scent of death,
 The odour of death that hangs always over Chicago.
 Chicago lives always in the breath from the caverns of Death,
 And her people walk always, knowing it, trying to forget it ;
 Buying and selling and playing, fringed by that horror,
 They smell it and do not speak."

But at night in the Opera

We sat in a box surrounded by pensive faces,
 Soft hair, glinting jewels, silks, white elbows on velvet,
 Curving around in an arc. There were rows below
 Of bare-armed women and quiet white-fronted men,

And far above us, mounting in tiers to the roof,
A slope, thick-speckled with faces. The lights went down,
The people glimmered in shadow all silent, watching
The enchanted gold of the stage, cut square in the darkness.
They saw a pageant of white-cowled monks who chanted,
Feigned worship and grief, a woman dressed as a boy ;
They were fired and lifted, comforted, saddened, delighted,
By chains of pearly song, deep organ-like choruses. . . .
Across that circle of thousands
At the summit of civilisation
In a pause of the wandering music
Like the boding voice of disaster
I heard a desolate lowing.
They were happy in song and colour,
Flushed and tender and yearning :
But wanning the air a cloud came over,
A poisonous breath that choked my nostrils.

We talked. The lights went up, then down for a ballet.
In the lovely fairyland world of the stage,
A shepherdess sweetly beribboned
Drooped sighing by a faltering fountain
That sprayed and sobbed in the twilight,
Circled by dark-green bushes
And the pedestalled heads of fauns ;
And a ring of shepherds came leaping,
Brown-limbed, in a noiseless motion,
Joining hands and dividing and joining again
To delicate minglings of music. . . .
O harp and horn and Arcadian pipe !
Again from the marshes of blood beyond
It stole to me, chilling my spirit,
The inveterate miasma of death,
A presence drifting as only I knew
Over all that gaiety, sensibility,
Refinement, innocent playing with toys.
And I thought no longer of only Chicago
But of all our haunted race and its world.
The auditorium was rent like a veil
And I saw in a chasm of infinite darkness
Killing, devouring, and charnel smoking,
Writhing, flames and a rain of blood,
The faceless phantoms of Baal and Moloch . . .
Till it closed and again I resumed my life.

J. C. SQUIRE

Evening in Africa

AS blue as sapphire rocky Gsoom*
 Is melting in a rosy sky ;
 Hills I've imagined had no gloom
 More grand than this one seen with eye.

Westward of Djebel Hamra sink
 The rays, and all Sahara's blue
 Bursts into little waves of pink
 That fade as dreams at morning do.

And cliffs, unseen before, shine steep
 On the horizon, bright and long,
 As cities only seen in sleep
 And only spoken of in song.

Like sparks, these glories I have known
 Shall flash, though faintly, from my pen.
 What was not given for me alone
 Shall shine years hence for many men.

DUNSANY

* Here spelt as pronounced.

PROLOGUE

Silverdale Village Players: Easter, 1922

NEIGHBOURS and friends, we come to-night
 To tell a tale and shew a sight
 That never since our Silverdale
 Was first built up among the pale
 Old rocks and woods of oak and fir
 And heaths of gorse and juniper,
 Nor since the sea first left the land
 Then took it back with the other hand,
 Has been attempted here as now
 We have a mind to try and shew.

We call ourselves the Village Players,
And acting is our game—like theirs
Who, half a thousand years ago,
Before the towns began to grow,
Kept the high feasts of their own places
With plays and dances, painted faces
And lovely clothes and lively tunes
And hearts as eager and light as June's
With all the quiver of Springtime in it
And Summer coming every minute.
The world has changed too much since then,
But, if we like, we later men
Can do as much as anyone
Who ever drew from wind and sun,
From earth and heaven, such life as ours.
We never half explore our powers
Of joy, discovery and delight,
We never get the good we might
Out of our spell of being alive :
It does not matter how much we thrive
If, when there are no more days to live,
Beauty has something still to give.

Beauty of colours and shapes and sounds
And words—by these our life abounds
In things worth having, and there's no way
Of getting them that beats a play.
And all the better we shall get them
If for ourselves we try to net them,
And play ourselves instead of paying
Other people to do our playing
As townsfolk do, and spread the tale
Of Silverdale folk for Silverdale.

So listen well to us to-night,
And if we do not do it right
Be judges moved to lenience,
Remember 'tis our first offence,
And bind us over to appear
Before you all another year.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

Wipperginny

(A card game—obsolete—*Standard Dictionary*)

TO cards we have recourse
 When Time with cruelty runs,
 To courtly Bridge for stress of love,
 To Nap for noise of guns.

On fairy earth we tread,
 No present problems vex
 Where man's four humours fade to suits,
 With red and black for sex,

Where phantom gains accrue
 By tricks instead of cash,
 Where pasteboard federacies of Powers
 In battles-royal clash.

Then read the antique word
 That hangs above this page
 As type of mirth-abstracted joy,
 Calm terror, noiseless rage.

A realm of ideal thought
 Obscured by veils of Time,
 Cipher remote enough to stand
 As namesake for my rhyme.

A game to play apart
 When all but crushed with care ;
 Let right and left, your jealous hands,
 The lists of love prepare.

ROBERT GRAVES

Love in Old Age

SO old they were, and every child from home,
The neighbours feared for them, and used to come
With proffered help at housework, or to lift
Their garden roots. But they would still make shift,
And manage by themselves. For sixty years
They had been man and wife, and felt no fears
Together in their cottage.—Aye, so old,
They hardly knew when they were ill or cold,
Nor saw how blurred grew each familiar thing,
Nor how they groped thro' life's late glimmering.

When they, together, such long years had passed,
Gently he ceased to breathe : they part at last.
The village wives sob thro' the burial prayer :
Stone-like she stands with a strange vacant stare.

“ Numbed in her mind, her body all but dead,
Little she knows, and little feels,” I said.

But when the verger swung his spade, amid
The cold earth rattling on the coffin lid,
Nearer she crept, leaned over the grave-side,
And dropt a simple sprig of green, and cried.

W. FORCE STEAD

Epigram

SINCE I have seen the harvest-moon
 How heavy lies the fallow mind ;
 O Lord send forth thy ploughmen soon
 While yet the seeds are on the wind.

EDWARD DAVISON

Epitaph

HEREBY forbear of Death to speak
 For here his fatal whisper fell
 That drove the colour from my cheek
 The hour I heard my wedding-bell.

EDWARD DAVISON

On a Friend who Died Suddenly upon the Seashore

QUIET he lived, and quietly died ;
 Nor, like the unwilling tide,
 Did once complain or strive
 To stay one brief hour more alive.
 But as a summer wave
 Serenely for a while
 Will lift a crest to the sun,
 Then sink again, so he
 Back to the bright heavens gave
 An answering smile ;
 Then quietly, having run
 His course, bowed down his head,
 And sank uncomplainingly,
 Sank back into the sea,
 The silent, the unfathomable sea
 Of all the happy dead.

J. D. C. PELLOW

LAO TING AND THE LUMINOUS INSECT

By ERNEST BRAMAH

IT is of Lao Ting that the saying has arisen: "He who can grasp opportunity as she slips by does not need a lucky dream."

So far, however, Lao Ting may be judged to have had neither opportunities nor lucky dreams. He was one of studious nature and from an early age had devoted himself to a veneration of the Classics. Yet with that absence of foresight on the part of the providing deities (for this, of course, took place during an earlier, and probably usurping, dynasty), which then frequently resulted in the unworthy and illiterate prospering, his sleeve was so empty that at times it seemed almost impossible for him to continue in his high ambition.

As the date of the examinations drew near Lao Ting's efforts increased, and he grudged every moment spent away from books. His few available cash scarcely satisfied his ever-moving brush, and his sleeve grew so light that it seemed as though it might become a balloon and carry him into the Upper Air; for, as the Wisdom has it: "A well-filled purse is a trusty earth anchor." On food he spent even less, but the inability to procure light after the sun had withdrawn her benevolence from the narrow street in which he lived was an ever-present shadow across his hopes. In this extremity he patiently and with noiseless skill bored a hole through the wall into the house of a wealthy neighbour, and by this inoffensive stratagem he was able to distinguish the imperishable writings of the Sages far into the night. Presently, however, the gross-hearted person in question discovered the device, owing to the symmetrical breathing of Lao Ting, and applying himself to the opening unperceived, he suddenly blew a jet of water through and afterwards nailed in a wooden skewer. This he did because he, himself, was also entering for the competitions, though he did not really fear Lao Ting.

Thus denied, Lao Ting sought other means to continue his study, if only for a few minutes longer daily, and it became his custom to leave his ill-equipped room when it grew dusk and to walk into the outer ways, always with his face towards the west so that he might prolong the benefit of the great luminary to the last possible moment. When the time of no light definitely arrived he would climb up into one of the high places to await the first beam of the great sky lantern, and also in the reasonable belief that the nearer he got to it the more powerful would be its light.

It was upon such an occasion that Lao Ting first became aware of the entrancing presence of Chun Hoa-mi, and, although he plainly recognised from the outset that the graceful determination with which she led a water-buffalo across the landscape by means of a slender cord attached to its

nose was not conducive to his taking a high place in the competitions, he soon found that he was unable to withdraw himself from frequenting the spot at the same hour on each succeeding day. Presently, however, he decided that his previous misgiving was inaccurate, as her existence inspired him with an all-conquering determination to out-distance every other candidate in so marked a manner that his name would at once become famous throughout the province, to attain high office without delay, to lead a victorious army against the encroaching barbarian foe and thus to save the Empire in a moment of emergency, to acquire vast riches (in a not clearly defined manner), to become the intimate counsellor of the grateful Emperor, and finally to receive posthumous honours of unique distinction, the harmonious personality of Hoa-mi being inextricably entwined among these achievements.

At other times, however, he became subject to a funereal conviction that he would fail discredibly in the examinations to an accompaniment of the ridicule and contempt of all who knew him, that he would never succeed in acquiring sufficient brass cash to ensure a meagre sustenance even for himself, and that he would probably end his lower existence by ignominious decapitation, so that his pale and hungry ghost would be unable to find its way from place to place, and be compelled to remain on the same spot through all eternity. Yet so quickly did these two widely diverging vistas alternate in Lao Ting's mind that on many occasions he was under the influence of both presentiments at the same time.

It will thus be seen that Lao Ting was becoming involved in emotions of a many-sided hue, by which his whole future would inevitably be affected, when an event took place which greatly tended to restore his tranquillity of mind. He was, at the usual hour, lurking unseen in the path of Hoa-mi's approach, when the water-buffalo, with the perversity of its kind, suddenly withdrew itself from the amiable control of its attendant's restraining hand and precipitated its resistless footsteps towards the long grass in which Lao Ting lay concealed. Recognising that a decisive moment in the maiden's esteem lay before him, the latter, in spite of an incapable doubt as to the habits and manner of behaving of creatures of this part, set out resolutely to subdue it. . . . At a later period, by clinging tenaciously to its tail he undoubtedly impeded its progress and thereby enabled Hoa-mi to greet him as one who had a claim upon her gratitude.

"The person who has performed this slight service is Ting, of the outcast line of Lao," said the student, with an admiring bow in spite of a numbing pain that involved all his lower attributes. "Having as yet achieved nothing the world lies before him."

"She who speaks is Hoa-mi, her father's house being Chun," replied the maiden agreeably. "In addition to the erratic but now repentant animal that has thus, as it were, brought us within the same narrow compass he possesses a wooden plough, two wheelbarrows, a red bow with three-score arrows, and a rice field, and is therefore a person of some consequence."

"Truly," agreed Lao Ting, "though perhaps the dignity is less imposing than might be imagined in the eye of one who, by means of successive examinations, may ultimately become the Right Hand of the Emperor."

"Is the contingency an impending one?" inquired Hoa-mi, with polite interest.

"So far," admitted Lao Ting, "it is more in the nature of a vision. There are of necessity many trials, and few can reach the ultimate end. Yet even the Yang-tse-kiang has a source."

"Of your unswerving tenacity this person has already been witness," said the maiden, with a glance of refined encouragement.

"Your words are more inspiring than the example of the aged woman of Shang-li to the student Tsung," declared Lao Ting gratefully. "Unless the omens are asleep they should tend to the same auspicious end."

"The exact instance at the moment escapes my recollection." Doubtless Hoa-mi was by no means willing that one of studious mind should associate her exclusively with water-buffaloes. "Is it related in the Classics?"

"Assuredly, though in which actual masterpiece just now evades my grasp. The youth referred to was on the point of abandoning a literary career, appalled at the magnitude of the task before him, when he encountered an aged woman who was employed in laboriously rubbing away the surface of an iron crowbar on a block of stone. To his inquiry she cheerfully replied: 'The one who is thus engaged required a needle to complete a task. Being unable to procure one she was about to give way to an ignoble despair when chance put into her hands this bar which only requires bringing down to the necessary size.' Encouraged by this painstaking example Tsung returned to his books and in due course became a high official."

"Doubtless in the time of his prosperity he retraced his footsteps and lavishly rewarded the one to whom he was thus indebted," suggested Hoa-mi gracefully.

"Doubtless," admitted Lao Ting; "but the detail is not pursued to so remote an extremity in the Classics. The delicate poise of the analogy is what is chiefly dwelt upon, the sign for a needle harmonising with that for official, and there being a similar balance between crowbar and books."

"Your words are like a page written in vermilion ink!" exclaimed Hoa-mi, with a side-way expressed admiration.

"Alas," he declared with conscious humility, "my style is meagre and almost wholly threadbare. To remedy this, each day I strive to perfect myself in the correct formation of five new written signs. When equipped with a knowledge of every one there is I shall be competent to write so striking and original an essay on any subject that it will no longer be possible to exclude my name from the list of official appointments."

"It will be a day of well-achieved triumph for the spirits of your expectant ancestors," said Hoa-mi sympathetically.

"It will also have a beneficial effect on my own material prospects," replied Lao Ting, with a commendable desire to awaken images of a more specific nature in the maiden's imagination. "Where, hitherto, it has been difficult to support one, there will then be a lavish profusion for two. The moment the announcement is made, my impatient feet will carry me to this spot. Can it be hoped——?"

"It has long been this one's favourite resort also," confessed Hoa-mi, with every appearance of having adequately grasped Lao Ting's desired inference. "Yet to what number do the written signs in question stretch?"

"So highly favoured is our unapproachable language that the number can only be faintly conjectured. Some claim five-score thousand different written symbols; the least exacting agree to four-score thousand."

"You are all-knowing," responded the maiden absently. With her face in an opposing direction her lips moved rapidly as though she might be in the act of addressing some petition to a power. Yet it is to be doubted if this accurately represents the nature of her inner thoughts, for when she again turned towards Lao Ting the engaging frankness of her expression had imperceptibly deviated, as she continued: "In about nine-and-forty years then, O impetuous one, our converging footsteps will doubtless again encounter upon this spot. In the meanwhile, however, this person's awaiting father is certainly preparing something against her tardy return which the sign for a crowbar would fittingly represent."

Then, urging the water-buffalo to increased exertion, she fled, leaving Lao Ting a prey to emotions of a very distinguished intensity.

In spite of the admittedly rough-edged nature of Hoa-mi's leave-taking Lao Ting retraced his steps in an exalted frame of mind. He had spoken to the maiden and heard her incomparable voice. He now knew her name and the path leading to her father's house. It only remained for him to win a position worthy of her acceptance (if the Empire could offer such a thing), and their future happiness might be regarded as assured.

Thus engaged, Lao Ting walked on, seeing within his head the arrival of the bridal chair, partaking of the well-spread wedding feast, hearing the felicitations of the guests: "A hundred sons and a thousand grandsons!" Something white fluttering by the wayside recalled him to the realities of the day. He had reached the buildings of the outer city, and on a wall before him a printed notice was displayed.

It has already been set forth that the few solitary cash which from time to time fell into the student's sleeve were barely sufficient to feed his thirsty brush with ink. For the material on which to write and to practise the graceful curves essential to a style he was driven to various unworthy expedients. It had thus become his habit to lurk in the footsteps of those who affix public proclamations in the ways and spaces of the city, and when they had passed on to remove, as unostentatiously as possible, the more suitable pronouncements and to carry them to his own abode. For this reason he regarded every notice from a varying angle, being concerned less with what appeared upon it than with what did not appear. Accordingly

he now crossed the way and endeavoured to secure the sheet that had attracted his attention. In this he was unsuccessful, however, for he could only detach a meagre fragment.

When Lao Ting reached his uninviting room the last pretence of daylight had faded. He recognised that he had lost many precious moments in Hoa-mi's engaging society, and although he would willingly have lost many more, there was now a deeper pang in his regret that he could not continue his study further into the night. As this was impossible he drew his scanty night coverings around him and composed his mind for sleep, conscious of an increasing rigour in the air ; for, as he found when the morning came, one who wished him well, passing in his absence, had written a lucky saying on a stone and cast it through the paper window.

When Lao Ting awoke it was still night, but the room was no longer entirely devoid of light. As his custom was, an open page lay on the floor beside him, ready to be caught up eagerly with the first gleam of day ; above this a faint but sufficient radiance now hung, enabling him to read the written signs. At first the student regarded the surroundings with some awe, not doubting that this was in the nature of a visitation, but presently he discovered that the light was provided by a living creature, winged but docile, which carried a glowing lustre in its tail. When he had read to the end, Lao Ting endeavoured to indicate by a sign that he wished to turn the page. To his delight he found that the winged creature intelligently grasped the requirement and at once transferred its presence to the required spot. All through the night the youth eagerly read on, nor did this miraculously-endowed visitor ever fail him. By dawn he had more than made up the time in which the admiration of Hoa-mi had involved him. If such a state of things could be assured for the future, the vista would stretch like a sunlit glade before his feet.

Early in the day he set out to visit an elderly monk who lived in a cave on the mountain above. Before he went, however, he did not fail to procure a variety of leaves and herbs and to display them about the room in order to indicate to his unassuming companion that he had a continued interest in its welfare. The venerable hermit received him hospitably, and after inviting him to sit upon the floor and to partake of such food as he had brought with him, listened attentively to his story.

"Your fear that in this manifestation you may be the sport of a malicious force, conspiring to some secret ill, is merely superstition," remarked Tzu-lu when Lao Ting had reached an end. "Although creatures such as you describe are unknown in this province they undoubtedly exist in outer barbarian lands, as do apes with the tails of peacocks, ducks with their bones outside their skins, beings whose pale green eyes can discover the precious hidden things of the earth, and men with holes through their chests so that they require no chair to carry them but are transposed from spot to spot by means of poles."

"Your mind is widely opened, esteemed," replied Lao Ting respectfully. "Yet the omen must surely tend towards a definite course ?"

"Be guided by the mature philosophy of the resolute Heng-ki, who, after an unfortunate augury, exclaimed to his desponding warriors: 'Do your best and let the omens do their worst!' What has happened is as clear as the iridescence of a dragon's eye. In the past you have lent a sum of money to a friend who has thereupon passed into the Upper Air leaving you unrequited."

"A friend receiving a sum of money from this person would have every excuse for passing away suddenly."

"Or," continued the accommodating recluse, "you have in some other way placed so formidable an obligation upon one now in the Beyond that his disturbed spirit can no longer endure the burden. For this reason it has taken the form of a luminous insect and has thus returned to earth in order that it may assist you and thereby discharge the debt."

"The explanation is a convincing one," replied Lao Ting. "Might it not have been more satisfactory in the end, however, if the gracious person in question had clothed himself with the attributes of the examining chancellor or some high mandarin so that he could have upheld my cause in any extremity?"

Without actually smiling, a form of entertainment that was contrary to his strict vow, the patriarchal anchorite moved his features somewhat at the youth's innocence.

"Do not forget that it is written, 'Though you set a monkey on horse-back, yet will his hands and feet remain hairy,'" he remarked. "The one whose conduct we are discussing may be well aware of his own deficiencies, and know that if he adopted such a course a humiliating exposure would await him. Do not have any fear for the future, however; thus protected, this person is inspired to prophesy that you will certainly take a high place in the examinations. . . . Indeed," he added thoughtfully, "it might be prudent to venture a string of cash upon your lucky number."

With this auspicious leave-taking Tzu-lu dismissed him, and Lao Ting returned to the city greatly refreshed in spirit by the encounter. Instead of retiring to his home he continued into the more reputable ways beyond, it then being about the hour at which the affixers of official notices were wont to display their energies.

So it chanced, indeed; but walking with his feet off the ground owing to the obliging solitary's encouragement, Lao Ting forgot his usual caution and came suddenly into the midst of a band of these men at an angle of the paths.

"Honourable greetings!" he exclaimed, feeling that if he passed them by unregarded his purpose might be suspected. "Have you eaten your rice?"

"How is your warmth and cold?" they replied courteously. "Yet why do you arrest your dignified footsteps to converse with outcasts so illiterate as ourselves?"

"The reason," admitted Lao Ting frankly, "need not be buried in a well. Had I avoided the encounter you might have said among yourselves,

'Here is one who shuns our gaze. This, perchance, is he who of late has lurked within the shadow of our backs to bear away our labour.' Not to create this unworthy suspicion I freely came among you, for, as the Ancient Wisdom says, 'Do not adjust your sandals while passing through a melon field, nor yet arrange your hat beneath an orange tree.' "

"Yet," said the leader of the band, "we were waiting thus in expectation of the one whom you describe. The incredible leper who rules our goings has, even at this hour and notwithstanding that now is the appointed day and time for the gathering together of the Harmonious Constellation of Paste Appliers and Long Brush Wielders, thrust within our hands a double task."

"May bats defile his ancestral tablets and goats propagate within his neglected tomb!" chanted the band in unison. "May the sinews of his hams snap suddenly in moments of achievement! May the principles of his warmth and cold never be properly adjusted, but——"

"Thus positioned," continued the leader, indicating by a gesture that while he agreed with these sentiments the moment was not opportune for their full recital, "we await. If he who lurks in our past draws near he will doubtless accept from our hands that which he will assuredly possess behind our backs. Thus mutual help will lighten the toil of all."

"The one whom you require dwells beneath my scanty roof," said the youth. "He is now, however, absent on a secret mission. Entrust to me the burden of your harrassment and I will answer, by the sanctity of the Four-eyed Image, that it shall reach his speedy hand."

When Lao Ting gained his own room, bowed down but rejoicing beneath the weight of his unexpected fortune, his eyes were gladdened by the soft light that hung about his books. Although it was not yet dark the radiance of the glow seemed greater than before. Going to the spot the delighted student saw that in place of one there were now four, the grateful insect having meanwhile summoned others to his cause. All these stood in an expectant attitude awaiting his control, so that through the night he plied an untiring brush and leapt onward in the garden of similitudes.

From this time forward Lao Ting could not fail to be aware that the faces of those whom he familiarly encountered were changed towards him. Men greeted him as one worthy of their consideration, and he even heard his name spoken of respectfully in the society of learned strangers. More than once he found garlands of flowers hung upon his outer door, harmonious messages, and—once—a gift of food. Incredible as it seemed to him it had come to be freely admitted that the unknown scholar, Lao Ting, would take a very high place in the forthcoming competition, and those who were alert and watchful did not hesitate to place him first. To this general feeling a variety of portents had contributed. Doubtless the beginning was the significant fact, known to the few at first, that the miracle-working Tzu-lu had staked his inner garment on Lao Ting's

success. Brilliant lights were seen throughout the night to be moving in the meagre dwelling (for the four efficacious creatures had by this time greatly added to their numbers), and the one within was credited with being assisted by the Forces. It is well said that that which passes out of one mouth passes into a hundred ears, and before dawn had become dusk all the early and astute were following the inspired hermit's example. They who conducted the lotteries, becoming suddenly aware of the burden of the hazard they incurred, thereat declared that upon the venture of Lao Ting's success there must be set two taels in return for one. Whereupon the desire of those who had refrained waxed larger than before, and thus the omens grew.

When the days that remained before the opening of the trial could be counted on the fingers of one hand, there came, at a certain hour, a summons on the outer door of Lao Ting's house, and, in response to his spoken invitation, there entered one Sheng-yi, a competitor.

"Lao Ting," said this person, when they had exchanged formalities, "in spite of the flattering attentions of the shallow"—he here laid upon the floor a garland which he had conveyed from off Lao Ting's door—"it is exceedingly unlikely that at the first attempt your name will be among those of the chosen, and the possibility of its heading the list may be dismissed as vapid."

"Your experience is deep and wide," replied Lao Ting, the circumstance that Sheng-yi had already tried and failed three-and-thirty times adding an edge to the words; "yet if it is written it is written."

"Doubtless," retorted Sheng-yi no less capably; "but it will never be set to music. Now until your inconsiderate activities prevailed this person was confidently greeted as the one who would be first."

"The names of Wang-san and Yin Ho were not unknown to the expectant," suggested Lao Ting mildly.

"The mind of Wang-san is only comparable with a waste-paper basket," exclaimed the visitor harshly; "and Yin Ho is in reality as dull as split ebony. But in your case, unfortunately, there is nothing to go on, and, unlikely though it be, it is just possible that this person's well arranged ambitions may thereby be brought to a barren end. For that reason he is here to discuss this matter as between virtuous friends."

"Let your auspicious mouth be widely opened," replied Lao Ting guardedly. "My ears will not refrain."

"Is there not, perchance, some venerable relative in a distant part of the province whose failing eyes crave, at this juncture, to rest upon your wholesome features before he passes upwards?"

"Assuredly some such inopportune person might be forthcoming," admitted Lao Ting. "Yet the cost of so formidable a journey would be far beyond this necessitous one's means."

"In so charitable a cause affluent friends would not be lacking. Depart on the third day and remain until the ninth, and twenty taels of silver will glide imperceptibly into your awaiting sleeve."

"The prospect of not taking the foremost place in the competition, added to the pangs of those who have hazarded their store upon the unworthy name of Lao, is an ignoble one," replied the student, after a moment's thought. "The journey will be a costly task at this season of the rains; it cannot possibly be accomplished for less than fifty taels."

"It is well said, 'Do not look at robbers sharing out their spoil; look at them being executed,' " urged Sheng-yi. "Should you be so ill-destined as to compete, and, as would assuredly be the case, be awarded a position of contempt, how unendurable would be your anguish, when, amidst the execrations of the deluded mob, you remembered that thirty taels of the purest had slipped from your effete grasp."

"Should the bridge of the Camel Back be passable, five-and-forty might suffice," mused Lao Ting to himself.

"Thirty-seven taels, five hundred cash, are the utmost that your obliging friends would hazard in the quest," announced Sheng-yi definitely. "On the day following that of the final competition the sum will be honourably——"

"By no means," interrupted the other with unswerving firmness. "How thus is the journey to be defrayed? In advance, assuredly."

"The requirement is unusual. Yet upon satisfactory oaths being offered——"

"This person will pledge the repose of the spirits of his venerated ancestors practically back to prehistoric times," agreed Lao Ting readily. "From the third to the ninth day he will be absent from the city and will take no part in anything therein. Should he eat his words may his body be suffocated beneath five cart-loads of books and his weary ghost chained to that of a leprous mule. It is spoken."

"Truly. But it may as well be written also." With this expression of narrow-minded suspicion Sheng-yi would have taken up one from a formidable mass of papers lying near at hand had not Lao Ting suddenly restrained him.

"It shall be written with clarified ink on paper of a special excellence," declared the student. "Take the brush, Sheng-yi, and write. It almost repays this person for the loss of a degree to behold the formation of signs so unapproachable as yours."

"Lao Ting," replied the visitor, pausing in his task, "you are occasionally inspired, but the weakness of your character results in a lack of caution. In this matter, therefore, be warned: 'The crocodile opens his jaws; the rat-trap closes his; keep yours shut.'"

When Lao Ting returned after a scrupulously observed six days of absence he could not fail to become aware that the city was in an uproar, and the evidence of this increased as he approached the cheap and lightly esteemed quarter in which those of literary ambitions found it convenient to reside. Remembering Sheng-yi's parting he forebore to draw attention to himself by questioning any, but when he reached the door of his own

dwelling he discovered the one of whom he was thinking, standing, as it were, between the posts.

"Lao Ting!" exclaimed Sheng-yi, without waiting to make any polite reference to the former person's food or condition. "In spite of this calamity you are doubtless prepared to carry out the spirit of your oath?"

"Doubtless," replied Lao Ting affably. "Yet, what is the nature of the calamity referred to, and how does it affect the burden of my vow?"

"Has not the tiding reached your ear? The examinations, alas, have been withheld for seven full days. Your journey has been in vain."

"By no means," declared the youth. "Debarred by your enticement from a literary career this person turned his mind to other aims and has now gained a deep insight into the habits and behaviour of water-buffaloes."

"They who control the competitions from the Capital," continued Sheng-yi, without even hearing the other's words, "when all had been arranged, learned from the Chief Astrologer (may subterranean fires singe his venerable moustaches!) that a forgotten obscuration of the sun would take place on the opening day of the test. In the face of so formidable a portent they acted thus and thus."

"How, then, fares it that due warning of the change was not set forth?"

"The matter is as long as The Wall and as deep as seven wells," grumbled Sheng-yi; "and the Hoang Ho in flood is limpid by its side. Proclamations were sent forth, yet none appeared, and they entrusted with their wide disposal have a dragon-story of a shining lordly youth who ever followed in their steps. Thus, in a manner of expressing it, the spirit——"

"Sheng-yi," said Lao Ting, with courteous firmness, yet so moving the door that while he passed in the former person remained outside, "you have sought, at the expenditure of thirty-five taels, five hundred cash, to deflect destiny from her appointed line. The result has been lamentable to all—or nearly all—concerned. The lawless effort must not be repeated, for when heaven itself goes out of its way to set a correcting omen in the sky, who dare disobey?"

When the list and order of the competition was proclaimed the name of Wang-san stood at the head and that of Yin Ho was next. Lao Ting was the very last of those who were successful; Sheng-yi was the next, and thus was the first of those who were unsuccessful. It was as much as the youth had secretly dared to hope and much better than he had generally feared. In Sheng-yi's case, however, it was infinitely worse than he had ever contemplated. Regarding Lao Ting as the cause of his disgrace he planned a sordid revenge. Waiting until night had fallen he sought the student's doorstep and there took a potent drug, laying upon his ghost a strict injunction to devote itself to haunting and thwarting the ambitions of the one who dwelt within. But even in this he was inept, for the poison was less speedy than he thought, and Lao Ting returned in time to convey him to another door.

On the strength of his degree Lao Ting found no difficulty in earning a meagre competence by instructing others who wished to follow in his footsteps. He was also now free to compete for the next degree, where success would bring him higher honour and a slightly less meagre competence. In the meanwhile he married Hoa-mi, being able to display thirty-five taels and nearly five hundred cash towards that end. Ultimately he rose to a position of remunerative ease, but it is understood that he attained this more by a habit of acting as the necessities of the moment required than by his literary achievements.

Over the door of his country residence in the days of his profusion he caused the image of a luminous insect to be depicted, and he engraved its semblance on his seal. He would also have added the presentment of a water-buffalo, but Hoa-mi deemed this inexpedient.



MODERN PORTRAITS—VI:

:: ROBERT LYND ::

Drawn by POWYS EVANS

MORE MEMORIES—II

By W. B. YEATS

VII

STANDISH O'GRADY, upon the other hand, was at once all passion and all judgment. And yet those who knew him better than I assured me he could find quarrel in a straw; and I did know that he had quarrelled a few years back with Jack Nettleship. . . . Indeed, I wanted him among my writers, because of his quarrels, for, having much passion and little rancour, the more he quarrelled, the nobler, the more patched with metaphor, the more musical his style became, and if he were in his turn attacked, he knew a trick of speech that made us murmur, "We do it wrong, being so majestic, to offer it the show of violence." Sometimes he quarrelled most where he loved most. A Unionist in politics, a leader-writer on the *Daily Express*, the most Conservative paper in Ireland, hater of every form of democracy, he had given all his heart to the smaller Irish landowners, to whom he belonged, and with whom his childhood had been spent, and for them he wrote his books, and would soon rage over their failings in certain famous passages that many men would repeat to themselves as though they were poets' rhymes. All round us people talked or wrote for victory's sake, and were hated for their victories—but here was a man whose rage was a swan-song over all that he had held most dear, and to whom for that very reason every Irish imaginative writer owed a portion of his soul. In his unfinished *History of Ireland* he had made the old Irish heroes, Fion, and Oisín, and Cuchullán, alive again, taking them, for I think he knew no Gaelic, from the dry pages of O'Curry and his school, and condensing and arranging, as he thought Homer would have arranged and condensed. Lady Gregory has told the same tales, but keeping closer to the Gaelic text, and with greater powers of arrangement and a more original style, but O'Grady was the first, and we had read him in our 'teens. I think that, had I succeeded, a popular audience could have changed him little, and that his genius would have stayed, as it had been shaped by his youth in some provincial society, and that to the end he would have shown his best in occasional thrusts and parries. But I do think that if, instead of that one admirable little book, *The Bog of Stars*, we had got all his histories and imaginative works into the hands of our young men, he might have brought the imagination of Ireland nearer the image and the honeycomb.

Lionel Johnson was to be our critic, and above all our theologian, for he had been converted to Catholicism, and his orthodoxy, too learned to question, had accepted all that we did, and most of our plans. Historic Catholicism, with all its counsels and its dogmas, stirred his passion like

the beauty of a mistress, and the unlearned parish priests who thought good literature or good criticism dangerous were in his eyes "all heretics." He belonged to a family that had called itself Irish some generations back, and its recent English generations but enabled him to see as one single sacred tradition Irish nationality and Catholic religion. How should he fail to know the Holy Land? Had he not been in Egypt? He had joined our London Irish Literary Society, attended its committee meetings, and given lectures in London, in Dublin, and in Belfast, on Irish novelists and Irish poetry, reading his lectures always, and yet affecting his audience as I, with my spoken lectures, could not, perhaps because Ireland had still the shape it had received from the eighteenth century, and so felt the dignity, not the artifice, of his elaborate periods. He was very little, and at a first glance he seemed but a schoolboy of fifteen. I remember saying one night at the Rhymers', when he spoke of passing safely, almost nightly, through Seven Dials, then a dangerous neighbourhood: "Who would expect to find anything in your pockets but a pegtop and a piece of string?" But one never thought of his small stature when he spoke or read. He had the delicate strong features of a certain filleted head of a Greek athlete in the British Museum, an archaistic Græco-Roman copy of a masterpiece of the fourth century, and that resemblance seemed symbolic of the austere nobility of his verse. He was now in his best years, writing with great ease and power; neither I, nor, I think, any other, foresaw his tragedy.

He suffered from insomnia, and some doctor, while he was still at the University, had recommended alcohol, and he had, in a vain hope of sleep, increased the amount, as Rossetti had increased his doses of chloral, and now he drank for drinking's sake. He drank a great deal too much, and, though nothing could, it seemed, disturb his calm or unsteady his hand or foot, his doctrine, after a certain number of glasses, would become more ascetic, more contemptuous of all that we call human life. I have heard him, after four or five glasses of wine, praise a certain Father of the Church for freeing himself from sexual passion by a surgical operation, and deny with scorn and much historical evidence that a gelded man lost anything of intellectual power. Even without stimulant his theology conceded nothing to human weakness, and I can remember his saying with energy, "I wish those people who deny the eternity of punishment could realise their unspeakable vulgarity."

Now that I know his end I see him creating, to use a favourite adjective of his, "marmorean" verse, and believing the most terrible doctrines to keep down his own turbulence. One image of that stay in Dublin is so clear before me that it has blotted out most other images of that time. He is sitting at a lodging-house table, which I have just left at three in the morning, and round him lie or sit in huddled attitudes half-a-dozen men in various states of intoxication; and he is looking straight before him with head erect, and one hand resting upon the table. As I reach the stairs I hear him say, in a clear, unshaken voice, "I believe in nothing but the Holy Roman Catholic Church." He sometimes spoke of drink as something

which he could put aside at any moment, and his friends believed, and I think he liked us to believe, that he would shortly enter a monastery. Did he deceive us deliberately? Did he himself already foresee the moment when he would write *The Dark Angel*? I am almost certain that he did, for he had already written *Mystic and Cavalier*, where the historical setting is, I believe, but masquerade.

Go from me ; I am one of those who fall.
 What ! hath no cold wind swept your heart at all,
 In my sad company ? Before the end
 Go from me, dear my friend !

Yours are the victories of light ; your feet
 Rest from good toil, where rest is brave and sweet,
 But after warfare in a mourning gloom
 I rest in clouds of doom.

Seek with thine eyes to pierce this crystal sphere ;
 Canst read a fate there, prosperous and clear ?
 Only the mists, only the weeping clouds ;
 Dimness, and airy shrouds.

O rich and sounding voices of the air !
 Interpreters and prophets of despair,
 Priests of a fearful sacrament ! I come
 To make with you my home.

VIII

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy arrived. He brought with him much manuscript, the private letters of a Young Ireland poetess, a dry but informing unpublished historical essay of Davis, and an unpublished novel by William Carleton, into the middle of which he had dropped a hot coal, so that nothing remained but the borders of every page. He hired a young man to read him, after dinner, Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, and before dinner was gracious to all our men of authority, but especially to our Harps and Pepperpots. Taylor compared him to Odysseus returning to Ithaca, and every newspaper published his biography. He was a white-haired old man, who had written the standard history of Young Ireland, had emigrated to Australia, been the first Australian Federalist, and later Prime Minister, but, in all his writings, in which there is so much honesty, so little rancour, there is not one sentence that has any meaning when separated from its place in argument or narrative, not one distinguished because of its thought or music.

One thought of his youth in some little gaunt Irish town, where no building or custom is reverend for its antiquity, no word, even in solitude, spoken slowly and carefully, because of emotional implication ; and of his manhood of practical politics, of the dirty piece of orange-peel in the corner of the stairs as one climbs up to some newspaper office ; of public meetings,

where it would be treacherous amid so much geniality even to think, much less speak, of anything that might cause a moment's misunderstanding in one's own party. No argument of mine was intelligible to him, and I would have been powerless, but that fifty years ago he had made an enemy, and though that enemy was long dead his school remained. He had attacked, why or with what result I do not remember, the only Young Ireland politician who had music and personality, though rancorous and devil-possessed. At some public meeting of ours, where he spoke amid great applause in smooth Gladstonian periods to a great audience of his proposed Irish publishing firm, one heard faint hostile murmurs, and at last a voice cried, "Remember Newry," and a voice answered, "There is a grave there!" and a part of the audience sang, "Here's to John Mitchell that is gone, boys, gone; Here's to the friends that are gone." The meeting over, a group of us, indignant that the meeting we had called for his welcome should have contained those malcontents, gathered about him to apologise. He had written a pamphlet, he explained; he would give us copies. We would see that he was in the right, how badly Mitchell had behaved. But in Ireland personality, if it be but harsh and hard, has lovers, and some of us, I think, may have gone home muttering, 'How dare he be in the right if Mitchell is in the wrong?'

IX

He wanted "to complete the Young Ireland movement"—to do all that had been left undone because of the Famine, or the death of Davis, or his own emigration; and all the younger men were upon my side in resisting that. They might not want the books I wanted, but they did want books written by their own generation, and we began to struggle with him over the control of the company. Taylor became very angry, and I can understand what I looked like in his eyes when I remember Edwin Ellis's seriously-intended warning, "It is bad manners for a man under thirty to permit himself to be in the right." But John O'Leary supported me throughout. When Gavan Duffy had gone to London to draw up articles of association for his company, for which he had found many shareholders in Dublin, the dispute became very fierce. One night, members of the general public climbed the six flights of stairs to our committee-room (we no longer met at the Mansion House), and found seats for themselves just behind our chairs. We were all too angry to send them away, or even to notice their presence, for I was accused of saying at a public meeting in Cork 'Our books,' when I should have said "Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's books." It was not Taylor's match with the spoken word, and barely matched him with the written word. At twenty-seven or twenty-eight I was immature and clumsy, and O'Leary's support was capricious, for, being but a spectator of life, he would desert me if I used a bad argument, and would not return till I found a good one; and our chairman, Dr. Hyde, "most popular of men," at dreaming of his old white cockatoo in far-away Roscommon.

Our very success had been a misfortune, for an opposition which had been literary and political, now that it had spread to the general public, brought religious prejudice to its aid. Suddenly, when the company seemed all but established, and a scheme had been thought out which gave some representation on its governing board to contemporary Irish writers, Gavan Duffy produced a letter from Archbishop Walsh, and threw the project up. The letter had warned him that after his death the company would fall under a dangerous influence. At this moment the always benevolent friend, to whom I had explained in confidence, when asking his support, my arrangements with my publisher, went to Gavan Duffy and suggested that they should together offer Mr. Fisher Unwin a series of Irish books, and Mr. Fisher Unwin and his reader accepted the series under the belief that it was my project that they accepted. I went to London to find the contract signed, and that all I could do was to get two sub-editors appointed responsible to the two societies. One or two good books were published, especially Dr. Hyde's *History of Gaelic Literature* and Standish O'Grady's *Bog of Stars*; but the series was killed by its first volume—Thomas Davis' dry but informing historical essay. So important had our movement seemed that ten thousand copies had been sold before anybody had time to read it, and then came a dead stop.

Gavan Duffy knew nothing of my plans, and so was guiltless, and my friend had heard me discuss many things that evening; I had perhaps dispraised the humanitarian Stephen Phillips, already in his first vogue, and praised Francis Thompson, but half-rescued from his gutter, or flouted his belief in the perpetual marriage of genius and virtue by numbering the vices of famous men; this man's venery, that man's drink. He could not be expected to remember that where I had said so much of no account I said one thing, and he had made one reply, that I thought of great account. He died a few months ago, and it would have surprised and shocked him if any man had told him that he was unforgiven. Had he not forgotten all about it long ago? A German doctor has said that if we leave an umbrella at a friend's house it is because we have a sub-conscious desire to revisit that house; and he had perhaps a sub-conscious desire that my too tumultuous generation should not have its say.

X

I was at Sligo when I received a letter from John O'Leary, saying that I could do no more in Dublin, for even the younger men had turned against me, were "jealous," his letter said, though what they had to be jealous of, God knows. He said further that it was all my own fault, that he had warned me what would happen if I lived on terms of intimacy with those I tried to influence. I should have kept myself apart and alone. It was all true; through some influence from an earlier generation, from Walt Whitman, perhaps, I had sat talking in public bars, had talked late into the night at many men's houses, showing all my convictions to men that

were but ready for one, and used conversation to explore and discover among men who looked for authority. I did not yet know that intellectual freedom and social equality are incompatible ; and yet, if I had, could hardly have lived otherwise, being too young for silence. The trouble came from half-a-dozen obscure young men, who, having nothing to do, attended every meeting and were able to overturn a project that seemed my only bridge to other projects, including a travelling theatre. We had planned small libraries of Irish literature in connection with our country branches ; we collected books and money, sending a lecturer to every branch, and taking half the proceeds of that lecture to buy books. Maud Gonne, whose beauty could draw a great audience in any country town, had been the lecturer ; the scheme was very nearly self-supporting, and six or seven bundles of books, chosen after much disputation by John O'Leary, J. F. Taylor and myself, had been despatched to some six or seven branches. 'The country will support this work,' Taylor had said somewhere on some public platform, "because we are the most inflammable people on God's earth," his harsh voice giving almost a quality of style to Carlylian commonplace ; but we are also a very jealous people. The half-a-dozen young men, if a little jealous of me, were still more jealous of those country branches which were getting so much notice, and where there was so much of that peasant mind their schoolmasters had taught them to despise. One must be English or Irish, they would have said. I returned to find a great box of books appropriated for some Dublin purpose and the whole scheme abandoned. I know that it was a bitter moment because I remember with gratitude words spoken not to my ear, but for my ear by a young man who had lately joined our society, Mr. Stephen McKenna, now well-known amongst scholars for his distinguished translations of Plotinus, and I seem to remember that I lost through anger what gift of persuasion I may possess, and that I was all the more helpless because I felt that even the best of us disagreed about everything at heart. I began to feel that I needed a hostess more than a society, and that I was not to find for years to come. I tried to persuade Maud Gonne to be that hostess, but her social life was in Paris, and she had already formed a new ambition, the turning of French public opinion against England. Without intellectual freedom there can be no agreement, and in Nationalist Dublin there was not—indeed, there still is not—any society where a man is heard by the right ears, but never overheard by the wrong, and where he speaks his whole mind gaily, and is not the cautious husband of a part ; where phantasy can play before matured into conviction, where life can shine and ring, and lack utility. Mere life lacking the protection of wealth or rank, or some beauty's privilege of caprice cannot choose its company, taking up and dropping men, merely because it likes or dislikes their manners and their books, and in its stead opinion crushes and rends, and all is hatred and bitterness, wheel biting upon wheel, a roar of steel or iron tackle, a mill of argument grinding all things down to mediocrity. If, as I think, minds and metals correspond the goldsmiths of Paris foretold the French

Revolution when they substituted steel for that unserviceable gold in the manufacture of the more expensive jewel work, and made those large, flat steel buttons for men of fashion whereby the card players were able to cheat by studying the reflections of the cards.

XI

No country could have more natural distaste for equality, for in every circle there was some man ridiculous for posing as the type of some romantic or distinguished quality. One of our friends, a man of talent and of learning, whose ancestors had come, he believed, from Denmark in the ninth century, looked and talked the distinguished foreigner so perfectly a patriotic newspaper gave particulars of his supposed relations in contemporary Denmark ! A half-mad old man, who had served for a few months in the Pope's army many years before, still rode an old white warhorse in all national processions, and, if their enemies were not lying, one Town Councillor had challenged another to a duel by flinging his glove upon the floor ; while a popular Lord Mayor had boasted in a public speech that he never went to bed at night without reading at least twelve pages of Sappho. Then, too, in those conversations of the small hours, to which O'Leary had so much objected, whenever we did not speak of art and letters we spoke of Parnell. We told each other that he had admitted no man to his counsel ; that when some member of his party found himself in the same hotel by chance, that member would think to stay there a presumption, and move to some other lodging ; and, above all, we spoke of his pride, that made him hide all emotion while before his enemy. Once he had seemed callous and indifferent to the House of Commons—Foster had accused him of abetting assassination—but when he came among his followers his hands were full of blood, because he had torn them with his nails. What excitement there would have been, what sense of mystery would have stirred all our hearts, and stirred hearts all through the country, where there was still, and for years to come, but one overmastering topic, had we known the story Mrs. Parnell tells of that scene on Brighton Pier. He and the woman that he loved stood there upon a night of storm, when his power was at its greatest height, and still unthreatened. He caught her from the ground, and held her at arm's length out over the water, and she lay there motionless, knowing that, had she moved, he would have drowned himself and her. Perhaps unmotivated self-immolation, were that possible, or else at mere suggestion of storm and night, were as great evidence as such a man could give of power over self, and so of the expression of the self.

XII

When I look back upon my Irish propaganda of those years, I can see little but its bitterness. I never met with, or but met to quarrel with, my father's old family acquaintance ; or with acquaintance I myself might

have found, and kept, among the prosperous educated class, who had all the great appointments at University or Castle ; and this I did by deliberate calculation. If I must attack so much that seemed sacred to Irish nationalist opinion, I must, I knew, see to it that no man suspect me of doing it to latter Unionist opinion. Whenever I got the support of some man who belonged by birth and education to University or Castle, I would say, "Now you must be baptized of the gutter." I chose Royal visits especially for demonstrations of disloyalty, rolling up with my own hands the red carpet spread by some elderly Nationalist, softened or weakened by time, to welcome vice-royalty ; and threatened, if the London society drank to the King's health, that my friends and I would demonstrate against it by turning our glasses upside down ; and was presently to discover that one can grow impassioned and fanatical about opinions, which one has chosen as one might choose a side upon the football field ; and I thought many a time of the pleasant Dublin houses that would never ask me to dine, and the still pleasanter houses with trout-streams near at hand, that would never ask me upon a visit. I became absurdly sensitive, glancing about me in certain public places, the private view of our Academy, or the like, to discover imagined enemies ; and even now, after twenty and thirty years, I feel at times that I have not recovered my natural manner. Yet it was in those pleasant houses, among the young men and the young girls, that we were to make our converts. When we loathe ourselves or our world, if that loathing but turn to intellect, we see self or world and its anti-self in one vision ; when loathing remains but loathing it consumes itself in any way, till at last we turn to its mechanical opposite. Popular Nationalism and Unionism so changed into one another, being each but the other's headache. The Nationalist abstractions were like the fixed ideas of some hysterical woman, a part of the mind turned into stone, and all the rest seething and burning ; and Unionist Ireland had re-acted from that seething and burning to a cynical indifference, and from those fixed ideas to whatever might bring the most easy and obvious success.

I remember Taylor, at some public debate, stiff of body and tense of voice ; and the contrasting figure of Fitzgibbon, the Lord Justice of Appeal of the moment, and his calm flowing sentences, satisfactory to hear and impossible to remember. I remember, too, and grow angry as it were yesterday, an incredible letter from that Lord Justice, who had changed his politics for advancement's sake, recommending a correspondent to avoid us, because we dissuaded people from the study of "Shakespeare and Kingsley." Taylor speaks of a little nation of antiquity, which he does not name, "set between the great Empire of Persia and the great Empire of Rome." Into the mouths of those great Empires he puts the arguments of Fitzgibbon and such as he, "Join with our greatness ! What in comparison to that is your little beggarly nationality ?" And then I recall the excitement, the shiver of the nerves, as his voice rose to an ecstatic cry, "Out of that nation came the salvation of the world. . . ."

(To be continued)

REPRINTS—I

[It has several times been suggested to us that we should occasionally revive some old and neglected piece of verse or prose. We have now decided to do so every month. Our extracts will usually be known to some readers, but we can hope that they will always be new to others. The poem below, which is in an unusual metre for the time of Queen Anne, is by William Walsh, M.P. (1663-1708), the friend and critical consultant of Pope. He is represented—but not by this poem—in “Q.’s” Oxford Book. He wrote no great amount, but what there is is all good of its kind. His publications are all scarce. His “works” appear in several eighteenth and early nineteenth century collections, but probably in very incomplete form. He has never been properly edited, and somebody might find him worth while.—EDITOR.]

The Despairing Lover

DISTRACTED with care
 For Phillis the fair,
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish
 Nor bear so much anguish ;
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep ;
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get,
 But a neck when once broken
 Isn’t easily set :

And that he could die
Whenever he would,
But that he could live
But as long as he could :
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorned to endeavour
To finish it so ;
And bold, unconcerned
 At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
 To his cottage again.

W. WALSH (1663-1708)

SHELLEY

By EDWARD SHANKS

MR. SHAW argues in *The Complete Wagnerite* that if in the work of any artist he can discover a significant fable it does not matter at all whether the artist himself was ever aware that such an interpretation might be put upon his work. One may doubt whether the complicated fable of Capital and Labour which Mr. Shaw sees in the *Ring* is the best, or even a very fruitful, significance to find there ; but the rule in its general application is sound. Intention, it has been said, which in morals is everything, is nothing in art. It is nothing. The poem subsists in so many words written on paper. The poet may have meant by them this, that or the other ; precisely what, it is most unlikely that we shall ever know. But to us they mean something ; and what they mean to us is what is important for us. We may change the building that was raised for a barn into a tennis-court : we may use for a church what was put up to be a theatre. We may use or we may misuse : a whole generation may completely mistake the real capabilities of something which has been left to it. But the original purpose of the barn or the theatre is purely a question of archaeology ; and, in literature, the more clearly we know archaeology for what it is the better it will be for us.

For this reason the celebration of the centenaries of poets is not without its uses. The custom is no doubt very arbitrary. Granted that we ought to consider from time to time what, if anything, Shelley really means to us, one might expect the true occasion to arise not every hundred years but at intervals, say, of thirty-four, ninety-seven, and sixty-three years. But the important thing is that on such occasions we should be made to think, that matters of so much import should not be left to the winds of individual enthusiasm, that we should all think together and exchange our thoughts. The living fame of poets is a matter of corporate interest. The observances of the Church, as many of the irreligious have begun to discover, are not without their roots in the peculiarities of human nature. If the life of Saint Alexis exemplifies certain virtues of importance to the good life, then it is not a bad thing that those who wish to live the good life should be guided to think about Saint Alexis once a year. If Shelley's life and Shelley's poetry and Shelley's ideas have any meaning for us, it is not a bad thing that we should be guided to think about them once in a hundred years. The calendar of the Church is unassailable. The Positivist Calendar, with its heroes from Uruguay and wherever else, has its comic side ; but, with our modern custom of centenaries, we are beginning to form unconsciously, as did the early Church, a calendar of exemplary lives which may be of the greatest value to our civilisation. When we have to deal with an intangible

thing, perhaps the more formal the occasion the better it is. A formal occasion has arrived for considering the present value of Shelley.

Shelley is still of importance to us. For some he is the figure of Arnold's much quoted quotation, "a beautiful *and ineffectual* angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." Ineffectual perhaps : and yet, even so, even in this sentence, not without his effect on us. For some he is what, no doubt, Lord Eldon thought him, a young scoundrel, for others what his father thought him, a troublesome young fool. And I have heard a distinguished living poet declare his opinion that, out of all the human race, only Shelley may be named in the same breath with Christ.

In all these judgments it is clear that Shelley's character and actions are involved with his poetry ; and there is something strangely appropriate in the fact that out of his life should have come the phrase "chatter about Harriet," which we commonly use to describe irrelevant gossip upon the private affairs of authors. It is the common phrase ; but it is unfortunate, because we are all prepared to chatter about Harriet just so long as there is any hope of obtaining further light on some of the more mysterious episodes in Shelley's career. And why should we not ? Who is ready to pretend that it is a matter of no interest to him ? If we could get some reasonable understanding of why and how Shelley left Harriet for Mary, and what precisely was in his mind when he wrote to her from Troyes urging her to join them in Switzerland and adding some agreeable gossip about a mule and the fact that "Mary fears the fatigue of walking"—if we could find a reasonable explanation of this letter alone, we should have gone some way towards forming a clear image of an extraordinary being. To Harriet at least it must have seemed to come from a monster ; and who can say how far the discovery that she had to deal with a monster, not a human being, may not have led her in the direction of suicide ? But if Shelley appeared a monster in a particular relation, some strange combination of events and the elements of his character must have occurred to produce the appearance ; and it would be worth the while of any student of character to discover what it was.

Shelley at all events was an extraordinary being. He seems even more extraordinary if we think of him, as we are usually bidden to do, as a sport in an old family of country squires. But his ancestry was not quite that. Sir Bysshe Shelley may have had a valid link with the Sussex Shelleys, whose lineage is irreproachable and impressive : indeed, the link is well enough established for ordinary purposes. But if there was no breach in the genealogy there was a sufficiently violent breach in environment and manner of life. Sir Bysshe himself was born in America, practised as a quack doctor and had a peculiar talent for marrying heiresses. He achieved that feat twice ; and to his prowess it was due that his grandson was able to live an eccentric life without real financial embarrassment. We know very little about the early deeds of the great Sir Bysshe. I wish that we knew more, for one has a vague feeling that, *mutandis* very much *mutatis*,

Percy Shelley took after his grandfather more than after his ox-like father, Sir Timothy, whose habit it was, whenever Percy did something more than usually outrageous, to rest secure in the approbation and support of the Duke of Norfolk. From quack doctor to poet is perhaps not so incredible a transition ; and one needs some early eccentricity in the family as a preparation for the author of *Laon and Cythna*. Sir Bysshe may in his youth have written verses of which he was afterwards ashamed. One has visions of a wild young scoundrel going from village to village in New England carrying his instrument-case as no more than a pretext. Perhaps Percy, if he had lived—— But the vision stops there, pertinently reminding us that Shelley died a few weeks before his thirtieth birthday. We cannot indeed imagine what would have become of him ; but we ought to remember that he only just reached the age when most men begin to realise that their opinions have so far been purely experimental.

Perhaps Shelley would not have greatly modified his opinions. But, however that may be, we ought to be careful not to exaggerate their strangeness. He grew up in an age which saw the end of the Napoleonic wars, the Congress of Vienna, the Holy Alliance, the Greek War of Liberation, and the beginnings of the Reform Movement in England—an age singularly like our own. Only a few weeks ago a political writer found that Shelley brought up to date made a good commentary on the year 1922, and, from the raw material of *The Mask of Anarchy*, produced the following stanza :

I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Poincaré—
Very smooth he looked, yet grim ;
Seventy journalists followed him.

Indeed it is probable that if Shelley's political views were lucidly and consistently set forth, they would prove to be in the rear of those of most English Liberals. He was not a political fanatic. He could on occasion be almost numbingly moderate, as in the final paragraph of his *Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote* :

With respect to Universal Suffrage, I confess I consider its adoption, in the present unprepared state of public knowledge and feeling, a measure fraught with peril. I think that none but those who register their names as paying a certain small sum in *direct taxes* ought at present to send Members to Parliament. The consequences of the immediate extension of the elective franchise to every male adult, would be to place power in the hands of men who have been rendered brutal and torpid and ferocious by ages of slavery. It is to suppose that the qualities belonging to a demagogue are such as are sufficient to endow a legislator. . . . Nothing can less consist with reason, or afford smaller hopes of any beneficial issue, than the plan which should abolish the regal and the aristocratical branches of our constitution, before the public mind, through many gradations of improvement, shall have arrived at the maturity which can disregard these symbols of its childhood.

Nothing could be more reasonable. And if, in many poems, Shelley talked wildly of Tyrants and Anarchs, we must remember that he lived at a time

When the Czar loomed huge over Europe, when the Bourbons were back in France, when the sinister voice of Metternich issued from the mouth of the Emperor of Austria, and when it seemed still uncertain whether the Sultan might not crush the aspirations of Greece. His opinions were not unnatural. His occasional vehemence can be easily explained. Only the moderation of such passages as that above quoted strikes the enquiring eye as curious. He was even conventional enough to take the revolt of the Parliament against Charles I at its face value and without reservations. It may be doubted whether he had in any true sense a political mind, whether in any period less confused and anguished he would have troubled himself at all with the details of politics. But he was, nevertheless :

A nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth.

As to a word in this we shall presently have to return. For the moment the point is that Shelley desired liberty and felt oppression most acutely in personal relations and in private affairs.

Here lay his greatest eccentricity. It was his religious opinions and his love-affairs that caused the greatest scandal to the public and the most annoyance to his connections. And even his religious opinions are not very startling at this point of time, as they were not unique in his own time. He held a sort of humanitarian Pantheism and he took over from the early revolutionaries, with their doctrinaire hatred of Kings, their equally doctrinaire hatred of Priests. He admired Christ and detested the use which has been made of His name. He expressed his sentiments in an extremely violent way, but then violence of expression was natural in him, and the vehemence of youth had not had time to grow moderate before he died.

In his love-affairs he was endlessly and violently susceptible. It is a common human fault ; but Shelley is peculiar in that he elevated it into a sort of religion :

I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair or wise, commend
To cold oblivion, though it is in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

And in this connection there is, I think, a discoverable significance in the letter to Harriet about Switzerland and Mary and the mule. It is the letter of a man who is acting on principle, or at all events has evolved a principle which completely covers his action. Perhaps the principle was not evolved, even unconsciously, to cover this particular action ; but one feels that

Shelley arrived at it unconsciously, no doubt, to cover an ineradicable element in his own nature. Mr. Ingpen is one of many who have discussed his desertion of Harriet and what he says may be given as a sample of moderate opinion :

If Shelley had not thought her guilty, the fact that he was certain she no longer loved him was sufficient in his sight to make it impossible for him to live with Harriet as her husband. The convictions on the subject of marriage that he had expressed in *Queen Mab* in 1813 remained his convictions in 1814. He felt he was free to give his heart to Mary, with whom he was now deeply in love.

He did indeed. But hear Peacock's declaration :

He [Shelley] might well have said, after seeing Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, "*Ut vidi ! ut perii !*" Nothing that I ever read in tale or history could ever present a more striking image of a sudden, violent, irresistible, uncontrollable passion, than that under which I found him labouring when, at his request, I went up from the country to call on him in London. Between his old feelings towards Harriet, *from whom he was not then separated*, and his new passion for Mary, he showed in his looks, in his gestures, in his speech, the state of a mind, suffering, "like a little kingdom, the nature of an insurrection."

Happy the man to whom strict principle points the easy way out of such a state ! And yet perhaps he was not entirely happy. It is easier for us than it could have been for his own world to realise his absolute sincerity. And a man who stoutly alleges principle as a reason for indulging his passions in a way hurtful to others raises round himself a barrier within which he can never, if he is sincere, be entirely at ease. He was perhaps at his most wretched in the Clare Clairmont affair. A discharged servant accused him of having made Clare his mistress ; and the Hoppners believed it and Byron believed it. There is no more unfortunate creature than a doctrinaire who is accused of an offence against conventional morals which he has not committed but which his principles might justify. One sympathises with Shelley's dismayed indignation—which is partly accounted for, of course, by certain alleged aggravations of the offence—but one sympathises also a little with Byron's credulity.

It is in his susceptibility to passion, or rather in his reasoned justification of it, that Shelley appears at his most abnormal. (I leave aside here the odd fascination which incest had for him, not because it is a disagreeable subject, for in him it is singularly deodorised, but because its origin and precise meaning are, and apparently must remain, quite mysterious.) He was by no means separated from his fellow-beings by any strong barrier in the other relations of life. His affairs were continually embarrassed, chiefly because of his generosity and the egregious spongers, Godwin at the head of them, by whom he was surrounded. But it is a mistake to think of him as being, like the legendary poet who hardly ever exists in reality, "up in the clouds" so far as the ordinary affairs of life were concerned. His business letters generally reveal the existence of distressing financial tangles, but they are always themselves models of clearness and pertinence.

All this has to be said, though it has been said before and though it is not the whole truth. It is not the whole truth, because it minimises Shelley's extraordinariness and, when all is said and done, when all these reservations are allowed, extraordinariness remains our principal impression of him. But he was not out of the common because he hated Kings and priests or because he deserted Harriet and was inflamed by Emilia Viviani, or because he wrote poetry, but by reason of something peculiar in his way of doing these things. You may laugh at Shelley when he distributes his writings on politics by putting them in bottles to be thrown into the sea : you may execrate him when he leaves Harriet. But he acts consistently with himself and in a manner peculiar to himself. So it is with his poetry. It is consistent and peculiar, a thing which makes a definite impression on us, a defined field of study.

Like many works of art, it is most easily described by its general limitations. It is remote, unearthly, sometimes so rarefied as to appear positively weird. His wife desired that he " should increase his popularity by adopting subjects that would more suit the popular taste than a poem conceived in the abstract and dreamy spirit of *The Witch of Atlas*." " I believed," he says, " that all [his] morbid feeling would vanish if the chord of sympathy between him and his countrymen were touched." And Shelley replied :

For this one time,
Content thee with a visionary rhyme,

For this one time ! At the end of his career he was what he had been at the beginning ; and in *The Triumph of Life* there was no sign that the cloud-shapes of *Alastor* were beginning to condense into anything more solid and earthly. And when one considers the whole stretch of his poetry, one is indeed inclined to think of him as a " beautiful and ineffectual angel." How can anything so remote have any effect on us ? The sufferings of Prometheus are portrayed, the doctrine of love in *Epipsychidion* is preached, by a being not like ourselves, by a creature who moves in a different world and under different laws :

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart, and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me ; and the Earthquake-fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind :
While from their loud abysses howling throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.

These are no more inhuman symbols of human things : they are purely inhuman. And when in Shelley's poetry we come upon indubitable human beings, in that Webster-like close of *The Cenci*, when Beatrice says :

Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot ; ay, that does well.
And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another ; now
We shall not do it any more.

—when we read this we do not alter our opinion of Shelley's remoteness we are merely astonished. What, we say, this visitant has studied us so closely ? he can speak our language so well ?

But Shelley of course is human, not really a visitant from another world and the peculiarities of his work may be at least partly explained on quite human grounds. The quality of his verse that most strikes one after its aloofness and inhumanity is its dizzy, confusing rapidity. He composes always at the pace which one expects only in a short lyric, even when he is writing an epic of some thousands of lines. His favourite images might repay inspection ; and of them all I think the most favoured are those which convey the idea of speed :

At night the passion came,
Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,
And shook him from his rest, and led him forth
Into the darkness. As an eagle grasped
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
Burn with the poison, and precipitates
Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and cloud,
Frantic with dizzying anguish her blind flight
O'er the wide æry wilderness : thus driven
By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,
Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,
Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,
Startling with careless step the moonlight snake,
He fled.

The impression made by this passage is repeated, not only in *Alastor*, but often through the whole body of Shelley's poems. No doubt the whole of Shelley's imagery, peculiar and strongly marked in character as it is, offers unusual inducements for psychological examination, but this particular image is perhaps the most obvious and will serve our turn :

And swift and swifter grew the vessel's motion,
So that a dizzy trance fell on my brain.

That is from *The Revolt of Islam*.

We join the throng
Of the dance and the song ;
By the whirlwind of gladness borne along.

That is from *Prometheus Unbound*.

The water flashed, like sunlight by the prow
 Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven ;
 The still air seemed as if its waves did flow
 In tempest down the mountains ; loosely driven
 The lady's radiant hair streamed to and fro :
 Beneath, the billows having vainly striven
 Indignant and impetuous, roared to feel
 The swift and steady motion of the keel.

That is from *The Witch of Atlas*. These instances, which I have chosen almost at random, might be many times multiplied. What they are intended to illustrate is the fact that, more often than not, when Shelley is in a state of high excitation he translates his feelings into images of intense and dizzying speed.

Now the statement that Shelley's poetry is the poetry of a neurasthenic means of itself nothing. That he was neurasthenic can, I think, be proved. There is no other way of explaining some of the facts of his life. It would explain his extravagant hypochondria, his conviction that he was born to die young, his unfounded dread of consumption and of such fantastic diseases as elephantiasis. It would explain the two curious incidents of the man who shot at him at Tremadoc and the Englishman who knocked him down in Italy—incidents which he related with every appearance of belief but which his friends stoutly disbelieved. These things are convincing signs of highly disordered nerves ; and it is impossible to avoid associating them with some of the characteristics of his poetry.

But we must take great care in establishing this association. Shelley's poetry is not interesting or uninteresting or valuable or worthless *because* he was neurasthenic. Only if we can discover a tangible cause capable of producing the impression which his poetry, considered in itself, actually does make on us, then the discovery is not without its importance. His poetry strikes us as removed, unearthly : it beats its luminous wings, if not in vain, certainly in a void. And its unearthliness is of a sort alone in English literature. Blake too is remote, but not in this way. He was a genuine mystic, so much absorbed in experiences for which language is not adequate that he never realised that the symbols by which he expressed them meant nothing to anyone but himself. When Blake reported as literal fact that he had been in converse with an angel, he may have been suffering from an hallucination ; but it was an hallucination of a quite different order from that which persuaded Shelley that an assassin had fired at him through the window of his house at Tremadoc. There is nothing truly mystical in Shelley. His poetry springs from the world as he saw it, but he saw it as a man of exalted and super-sensitive nerves and mind. It is our world too, not what Blake sought to give us as an alternative, the reality behind ; but it is our world distorted and made unfamiliar by the method of perception. Impressions crowded on Shelley with so great a

speed and so much poignancy as to give him the sensation of dizziness which is so often rendered in his images. But he was, after all, a Pantheist, a nature-worshipper ; and such men are not, unless the terms are gravely misused, mystics.

It is worth noticing that the peculiarity on which I have dwelt reflects itself noticeably in Shelley's technique. This was not always at the height of perfection. One tends to forget his failures ; but they exist. The creator of the divine lightness of the *Epipsychidion* could write clumsy and lumbering verses, even after he had reached such maturity as he ever did reach :

My coursers are fed by the lightning,
 They drink of the whirlwind's stream,
 And when the red moon is bright'ning
 They bathe in the fresh sunbeam ;
 They have strength for their swiftness I deem,
 Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.
 I desire ; and their speed makes night kindle ;
 I fear : they outstrip the typhoon ;
 Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle
 We encircle the earth and the moon :
 We shall rest from long labours at noon :
 Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

He attempts (yet again) to describe speed, and he stumbles and hobbles. But the chief glory of his versification at its best is its extraordinary rapidity. I select for example a passage which does not describe speed :

Emily,
 A ship is floating in the harbour now,
 A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow ;
 There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
 No keel has ever ploughed that path before ;
 The halcyons brood around the foamless isles ;
 The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles ;
 The merry mariners are bold and free :
 Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me ?
 Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
 Is a far Eden of the purple East ;
 And we between her wings will sit, while Night,
 And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
 Our ministers along the boundless Sea,
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
 It is an isle under Ionian skies,
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
 And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
 This land would have remained a solitude
 But for some pastoral people native there,
 Who from the Elysian, clear and golden air
 Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
 Simple and spirited ; innocent and bold.

The fifth line of this excerpt cannot be called fortunate ; but the whole is simple, spirited and bold, and, above all, rapid. Difficulties of syntax are

as plainly avoided as hard collocations of consonants : it sweeps, like indeed the entire poem from which it is taken, in swift and easy motion from beginning to end. Towards this Shelley unconsciously worked ; and, in the lightness and speed of his verse at its best, he has no parallel in English poetry.

When it is so boldly stated, this attraction which he undoubtedly has for us seems to be no great thing. But the quality which I have sought to define as one of his limitations may also be attractive. I have heard it said : Byron for boys, Shelley for youths, Keats for men. The last term in the saying is pathetic ; but it at least recognises the fact that the seeds of a mature poetry are more obvious in Keats than in either of the others. Up to the end of a considerably longer life, Byron preserved something robustly juvenile, which it is improbable that he would ever have lost. If he had lived, he might have done anything, he would most likely have become a politician ; but, if so, he would have resembled Palmerston who was called " Cupid," and was noted for the skill with which he dyed his whiskers. Keats was the only man born in England since Shakespeare who has given any promise of rivalling him. But when we think of Shelley we think also of something which not he but Keats wrote, in the preface to *Endymion* :

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy ; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted : thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

Hardly a word in this is directly applicable to Shelley. The ferment of his soul was strangely clear, his character was only too much decided, his ambition was clear-sighted enough. And yet this would make an excellent text for the sermon on him which in this essay I have endeavoured to preach. It is in the first place a declaration which could never have come from his lips. The seeds of maturity were not in him nor was any consciousness that a maturity might come which would alter his attitude towards the world. And, though Keats attributes to his own period of adolescence certain qualities which we cannot justly identify in Shelley, yet Shelley's characteristics have a certain sympathy with those of youth always and everywhere. He was the perpetual adolescent. Adolescence is a time in which the nerves are at their highest tension, when the impact of new sensations turns life to dizziness ; and this is what is reflected in Shelley's poetry.

Shelley does correspond more or less to this period in the normal life ; and, because no period in the normal life ever vanishes without leaving a trace behind, he continues to mean something to everybody. He himself did indeed look forward to change and development in his genius. He says in the preface to *Prometheus Unbound* :

My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarise the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral

excellence ; aware that until the mind can love, and admire, and trust, and hope, and endure, reasoned principles of moral conduct are seeds cast upon the highways of life which the unconscious passenger tramples into dust, although they would bear the harvest of his happiness. Should I live to accomplish what I purpose, that is, produce a systematical history of what appear to me to be the genuine elements of human society, let not the advocates of injustice and superstition flatter themselves that I should take Aeschylus rather than Plato as my model !

But in this, one feels, the conscious mind, rather than the unconscious speaks, while in Keats's very similar declaration one feels the opposite. Shelley is too precise in his programme : these works which are announced rarely appear. But Keats unconsciously offers evidence that he is rapidly passing from one state of mind into another ; and he lived just long enough to show that the evidence was not worthless. He might in time have written a work to be compared with *Hamlet* ; but Shelley would have written only a deeper and more nearly perfect *Alastor*.

There is a legend which relates that Keats wrote *Endymion* and Shelley *The Revolt of Islam* in a sort of competition—"a race over the Muse's meadows." Both poems must be called failures ; but one may dare the guess that of the two *Endymion* is the more widely read at the present day. Both have grave faults ; but the faults of *Endymion* are the faults of immaturity, while those of *The Revolt of Islam* are far more the faults of temperament. Keats's exuberance was a thing which time would curb. Shelley's enthusiasm was a thing which would stay by him as long as he lived. Both poems suffer from incoherence ; but Shelley's last great work, *The Triumph of Life*, even after allowance has been made for the fact that it was never finished, is much more incoherent than the pieces contained in Keats's last volume. It is, like all his works, a long poem written in the mood proper to a lyrical exclamation, and if you try the experiment of taking at random a number of passages from Shelley no one can decide on grounds of style whence they come—from dramas or epics or lyrical pieces. They are all lyrical in spirit.

And, still, Shelley means something to everybody. Byron for boys, Shelley for youths, Keats for men : "the imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy ; but there is a space of life between——" But there is a space of life between ; and that is precisely why Shelley, though he may beat his luminous wings in a void, does not beat them altogether in vain. He is the poet of adolescence : the poet of the age in which most of us receive our education at the Universities, qualify as Parliamentary voters, form political opinions, fall in love, and even, sometimes, get married. It is a phase which passes, it is a phase much shorter than maturity, shorter perhaps than the strenuously untroubled age of boyhood ; but it is a phase which mankind is agreed to think of as having a memorable glamour as well as anxious importance. Did the alchemists ever seek for the secret of perpetual manhood or of perpetual boyhood ? No : it was perpetual youth which they desired. The turmoils, the unreason, the happy and unhappy certitudes of that age, seemed to

nem at least acceptable. It is partly for this reason that so many have taken Shelley, whether for praise or for blame, as a type of the poet. So often, when we speak of poetry we are thinking, with an unconscious and an unfortunate limitation, only of lyrical poetry. And lyrical poetry is written best in youth, comes out of its turbulence and excitements naturally and impetuously like a geyser jet out of volcanic soil. One might almost say that Shelley's work is pure undifferentiated lyric. Its flow, its rapidity, its spontaneousness, its exaltation are almost more than anything it has to say or than any picture it shows us.

There is a sad moment in life when Shelley seems no longer to mean to us what he has meant. It is sadder, though perhaps less painful, if he has never meant anything at all. (There are also, of course, persons like himself who do enjoy a perpetual adolescence of the mind and who suffer no change in their feeling for him.) But that moment must be surmounted; and after it he becomes a beautiful memory. But memories are things. Shelley survives and exists. If one has felt in tune with him at any time his poems continue to have a meaning; and, so long as succeeding generations feel in tune with him, however often and however logically it may be pointed out that he is remote, unearthly, out of touch with life, he will continue to survive and exist.

LORD'S AND ITS LITERATURE

By ALEC WAUGH

RATHER wistfully on a late summer afternoon, at the close of the last match, we walked down the pavilion steps at Lord's. For eight months Lord's would be shut ; we should pass by it on the 'bus, and the white seats of the mound would be empty. A few groundsmen would be pottering about ; someone would be rolling the practice pitch. We should stand up on the 'bus as we go by, for one always does stand up on a 'bus as one passes Lord's, but no longer should we crane our necks to read the figures on the telegraph, or peer eagerly to distinguish the players, to see whether it is Hearne or Hendren that was still not out. The season was not over, of course ; there was still the Scarborough festival, and the champion county had to meet England at the Oval. But these games were, after all, an anti-climax ; for the true cricketer the season is at an end when the last ball is bowled at Lord's.

At first we were not too sorry. Four months is a long time at even the best of games, and it was pleasant to think that in a fortnight's time we should be getting out our football jerseys and putting new bars upon our boots. It would be great fun going down to the Old Deer Park for the trial games and meeting our old friends. Soon the season would be really started, and every Tuesday morning would bring the yellow card : " You have been selected to play for 'A' XV v. Exiles or Harlequins 'A' or Old Felstedians." And then on Saturday we should let the District Railway carry us out to strange places—Northfields and Boston Manor—places whose names are familiar to us on the tubes, but are distant in the imagination, like Chimborazo or Cotopaxi, places where we never expect anyone to live. For members of an 'A' XV life is always an adventure ; and then, when the game is over, and we sit back in the carriage lazy and tired, it is amusing to read through the soccer results in the evening paper and learn that at Stamford Bridge 40,000 people saw " Cock outwit the custodian and net the ball in the first three minutes." And afterwards we go on to Simpson's and meet our friends from the other games, and eat a great deal of roast beef, and drink a great deal of beer. Oh, yes, there are many compensations for the loss of summer ! The autumn passed quickly and pleasantly, but towards Christmas there came, as there always must come, an evening when we sat over the fire and remembered suddenly that it was four months since we had held a cricket bat, that May was still a long way off, and the procession of Saturdays seemed endless. On such an evening we take down *Wisden* and pore over the old scores long after our usual bedtime.

For *Wisden* is the cricketer's bible. The uninitiated make mock. " What is it," they say, " but a record ? We can understand your wanting to look

the scores of matches that you have seen, that will recall to you pleasant hours in pleasant company. But what possible enjoyment can you get out of reading figures and accounts of matches that you have never been to? There is no doubt an admirable work of reference for the statistician, but as literature, as a thing that is read for pleasure! Why, it reminds us of the half-pay major who spent his evenings reading the Army List of 1860!"

It is hard to explain. In the same way that the letters x and y possess a significance for the mathematician, so for the cricketer these bare figures are a symbol and a story. We can clothe the skeleton with flesh. We can picture the scene. We know exactly how it happened. We know what the score-board looked like when that seventh wicket fell, we can gauge the value of Strudwick's 5 not out, and when we read "Ducat l.b.w. b. Woolley 12" we know exactly the emotion of the man sitting at the end of the free seats below the telegraph. "If only Ducat can stay in," he had thought, "Surrey may win yet. There are several people who might stop at the other end while he gets the runs." But the umpire's finger rose, and we know the depression with which he wrote on the thumb-marked score-card "l.b.w. b. Woolley 12," and then pulled himself together and prepared to watch in a dream "untroubled of hope" the inevitable end delayed for a few minutes by Smith and Rushby.

And, as we study the figures of Warner's many centuries, we are sitting again on the mound, looking into that haze which covers the ground shortly after five o'clock in August, with the sun blazing on to us from the left of the pavilion, and to shield our eyes we have bent the match-card beneath our hats.

How many hours during the year, I wonder, must we spend over our *Wisden*? A great many surely, so many indeed that we cannot help thinking how small is the literature of cricket. Only two shelves in a whole library. There are one or two novels, *Willow the King*, A. A. Milne's *The Day's Play*, a few of Mr. Lucas's Essays, the complete works of P. F. Warner, E. J. Ford's *Middlesex Cricket*, Lord Harris's *Lord's and the M.C.C.*, a few volumes of reminiscence, one or two textbooks, P. G. Wodehouse's lightful *Mike*, and *The Hambleden Men*—very little, really, when one thinks of the literature that hunting and fishing have produced.

Hardly any poetry has been written about the game. There is a quantity of verse, pleasant jingly stuff of the drinking-song variety, the best of it didactic, such as Andrew Lang's *Beneath the Daisies Now They Lie*. But the few attempts that have been made at serious poetry have not been fortunate. Edward Cracroft Lefroy, for example, to whom cricket appealed chiefly as an æsthetic spectacle, included in his catalogue of the physical tributes of a bowler the

Elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin,

which is not only poor verse but proves on the part of the author an inadequate knowledge of the no-ball rule.

But perhaps verse is not a happy medium through which to express an enjoyment of cricket. Phrases like "unwary shin" will intrude themselves, and, although Pindar used to celebrate with equally appropriate ardour the feats of generals and of athletes, the very idea of commemorating in heroic couplets Woolley's two great innings at Lord's seems ridiculous. We have grown so accustomed to reading accounts of cricket matches in the prose style of the sporting press that any other treatment is impossible. Perhaps Mr. Masefield will one day attempt an epic of the fifth test match at the Oval, but I doubt if it would be a success. It would be a quaint performance, as though one were to walk down the Strand in court dress of Jacobean cut. The jargon of a cricket report is unsuited to heroic verse, but it is indispensable. If, for instance, we were informed that Hendren,

Snared into over-confidence, stept back,
Swinging his bat as though he would eclipse
The thundered violence of Albert Trott.
Yet had he not correctly judged the flight
Of the quick spinning ball.

Aghast he heard
Behind his back the rattle of the stumps,

we should not be very much the wiser. We should prefer to learn of such a tragedy in straightforward narrative: "Hendren hooked Mailey to the on-boundary twice in succession; but, in an attempt to repeat the stroke to a ball that was pitched further up to him and that went away with the arm, he was clean bowled."

Indeed, A. E. Housman's *On an Athlete Dying Young* is the best serious poem that can be said to interpret any side of cricket, and that poem is written to a runner. But it is universal, for it contains the tragedy of all professional sport:

Now you will never swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Of runners whom renown outran,
And the fame died before the man.

Contemporary reference to any cricketer no longer playing is made in the past tense, "Tarrant was . . ."; and how many of the enthusiastic Ovalites who recall so eagerly the great days of "Locky and Brocky" pause to consider that their hero is still alive?

The lack of prose literature dealing with cricket is, however, as surprising as it is deplorable. For a hundred years ago the game must have been able to supply an intriguing background for a novel. Lord's was like Paddington recreation ground, and, when there was no match, the public were allowed to hire a pitch there for a shilling, a sum that included the use of stumps, bat and ball: there were no mowing machines then, and the grass was kept down by a flock of sheep, which was penned up on match days. On Saturdays four or five hundred sheep were driven on to

the ground on their way to the Smithfield Market. And then half a dozen small boys would run out and pick out any long grass or thick tufts that were still left. It is not surprising that there were shooters then. And never since the days of the gladiators can there have been such wholesale bribery and corruption as there was in the days of Lord Frederic Beauclerk.

Enormous bets were made. Matches were played for stakes of one thousand guineas a side—in those days no small sum, and professionals found it hard to live on their pay; indeed, they made little effort to; and in big matches where a lot of money was at stake it was not uncommon to find one side trying to get themselves out while their opponents were trying to give them easy balls to make runs off. And Lord Harris tells a story of how two professionals had a dispute at one of the annual general meetings at Lord's, and in the presence of the noble lords of the M.C.C. such questions as "Who sold the match at Nottingham?" and "Who would bowl at anything but the wicket for Kent?" were bandied about to the consternation, Lord Harris says, "of some of those present who had lost their money contrary to all calculation on the matches referred to"! There were few newspaper reporters then, and things could be done at Old Trafford news of which would come tardily to Lord's.

The only persons who appear to have remained incorruptible during these early days are, strangely enough, the umpires. Perhaps they put too high a premium on their honesty, and the bookmakers found it cheaper to have dealings with the players, or perhaps there was a general conspiracy of silence, no one being sufficiently without blame to cast a stone. At any rate, the interpreters of the law seem to have given satisfaction, and they can have had no easy time. For it was during these years that the code of rules under which we play to-day was compiled. And it was compiled in a most haphazard fashion. No committee sat over a table and weighed every possible contingency and interpretation of the laws. The authorities were worthy fellows, but lazy and unimaginative. They drew up a rough code and waited for things to happen. If any particular practice began to cause a nuisance they were prepared to put a stop to it. In the meantime let the wheel turn.

It did turn, and often with uncomfortable complications. At one time, for instance, in the days when there were only two stumps, a hole was cut between and beneath the wickets, and when a batsman completed a run he had to pop his bat into this hole. If the bowler succeeded in popping the ball there before the bat the batsman was run out. It was found, however, that bat and ball would often arrive in the hole simultaneously, with sad results to the bowler's fingers; and often enough, when a fieldsman had anticipated the bat, the defeated player would take what revenge he could by driving his bat upon the knuckles of his conqueror. After a certain number of fingers had been broken the authorities thought fit to substitute for the hole the present popping crease.

Much the same thing happened in the case of leg-before-wicket. As pads were not then invented, and as the ball was delivered with much

rapidity, it had never seemed likely that any batsman would, with deliberate intention, place his unprotected legs in the path of a hard ball. But one day the cricket world was thrown into consternation by the tactics of one Ring, who placed his body in front of the wicket in such a way that it was impossible for him to be bowled out. His shins became very sore, but his score became very large. This gallant act of self-sacrifice for the good of his side did not win the admiration it deserved ; it was described by a contemporary writer as " a shabby way of taking advantage of a bowler," so that when Tom Taylor adopted the same tactics the bowlers " declared themselves beaten " : a leg-before-wicket rule was drawn up, and another opportunity for Spartan courage was lost to an effeminate age.

The rules were altered to suit each fresh development. And when we remember the manifold and barbarous practices of that day, we cannot but shudder when we try to imagine what fearsome and horrible atrocities must have taken place before the rule about " obstruction of the field " was invented. Cannot we picture some burly butcher skying the ball to point and then, in order to save his wicket, rushing at the fieldsman and prostrating him with his bat ? Cannot we see the batsman at the other end effecting a half-nelson upon the bowler who was about to catch his partner ? The laws of Rome were not built up without bloodshed, nor were the laws of cricket. What opportunities for humorous narrative have been lost !

If only there had been some naturalistic writer who would have collected laboriously all these stories and made a novel of them ! If Zola had been an Englishman we could have forgiven him his endless descriptions of gold-beaters and agricultural labourers, if one of the Macquarts had been a professional cricketer and one of those interminable novels had reconstructed the cricket world of his day. If only the caprice of things had allowed George Moore to spend his early years near a cricket field instead of a racing stable !

But even those few novelists who have included cricket in their panorama of the period appear to be woefully ignorant of the management of the game. What a sad mess Dickens made of it, and how well he might have done it ! How entertaining Mr. Winkle might have been behind the wicket : what sublime decisions he would have given as an umpire ! But, no : Muggleton play Dingley Dell and the great Podder " blocked the doubtful balls, missed the bad ones, took the good ones and sent them flying to all parts of the field," which is surely the most quaint procedure that any batsman has ever followed ; and as a climax Dingley Dell give in and allow the superior prowess of all Muggleton, apparently before they have had their own innings—an action without precedent in the annals of the game.

And so it has happened that our one complete picture of the Homeric days has come to us not from the novelists, the official recorders of the hour, but from John Nyren, who wrote without any thought of posterity a guide book for the young cricketer. There are some books that, like wine, acquire qualities with the passage of time, and for us to-day the *Cricketer's Tutor* possesses a value that it did not have for those for whose service

it was written. To the young blood of 1840 it was merely a manual, a sort of field service regulations ; to-day it is a piece of literature ; it interprets a period ; it reveals a personality.

As we read John Nyren's advice we can see how the game was played in 1820 on rough pitches, without pads, in top hats, and with a courage the depth of which may be gauged from the instructions that he gives to long-stop :

When the ball does not come to his hand with a fair bound, he must go down upon his right knee with his hands before him : then in case these should miss it, his body will form a bulwark and arrest its further progress.

In those days we learn that spectators were patient folk who sat on backless seats, drank porter, smoked long pipes and made bets about the match. There was leisure then, and John Nyren believed that the batsman should wait to make his runs till bowler and fieldsmen were exhausted :

I would strongly recommend the young batsman to turn his attention to stopping : for by acting this part well, he becomes a serious antagonist to the bowler ; who, when he sees a man coming in that he knows will stop all his length-balls with ease, is always in a degree disheartened. He has no affection for such a customer. Besides in this accomplishment lies the distinction between the scientific and the random batsman.

The random batsman : it is an adjective we find often in the *Cricketer's Tutor*. For Nyren had an intense hatred of unskilled success. Cricket was to him an art the technique of which could only be mastered after an elaborate apprenticeship. He distrusted the short cut, and we find him the most bitter opponent of the young idea. He is the eternal Tory of yesterday, of to-day and of to-morrow. And he is very human to us as he stands on the brink of change uttering his solemn warning. For it was towards the end of his career that round-arm bowling was introduced, and it is hard to realise the revolution this caused in the world of sport. It made as much stir and roused as many bad feelings in its own province as its contemporary the Reform Bill. This bowling was described as the 'new march of intellect—style,' and in 1827 three matches were played between Sussex and England to test the merits of the two methods. The county won the first two matches, and the nine professionals on the England side were so incensed that they signed a formal petition "that we, the undersigned, do agree that we will not play the third match between all England and Sussex unless the Sussex bowlers bowl fair—that is abstain from throwing." And the great Mr. Ward, when asked his opinion, said, "I can only say cricketers are a peaceable class of men. With this bowling I never see a match that might not end in a wrangle."

John Nyren was its most fierce opponent, and it is rather pathetic to read his violent and ineffectual protest. This invention would ruin cricket. He saw a new game that would lack the grace and skill of the game as he and his friends had played it. The ball would come so fast that the batsman would not have time to prepare for it.

The indifferent batsman possesses as fair a chance of success as the most refined player. And the reason for this is obvious, because from the random manner of delivering the ball it is impossible for the fine batsman to have time for that finesse and delicate management which so peculiarly distinguished the elegant manœuvring of the chief players who occupied the field about eight, ten or more years ago.

And he goes on to state his belief that if the present system be persisted in a few years longer "the elegant and scientific game of cricket will develop into a mere exhibition of rough, coarse horse-play."

What would he say if he could return to the pavilion at the Oval, and see Hitch bowling at how many miles is it an hour? and Hendren hooking him to the square-leg boundary? And the last paragraph of his protest is that of every man since the beginning of time who has seen his day pass, his heroes overthrown, and a rash, irreverent generation in their place.

I can use my eyes [he writes], I can compare notes and points in the two styles of playing, and they who have known me will bear testimony that I have never been accustomed to express myself rashly.

A forlorn figure, trusting so simply in the permanence of a static world.

It is sad to think how quickly that world has passed, and how effectively the machinery of our industrial system has already taken cricket to itself. Nyren's game is no longer an entertainment for a few. It has become part of the national life, and probably, if the Bolsheviks get their way here, it will be nationalised with the cinema and the theatre and association football. It is hard to find much in common between the old men who smoked long pipes and drank strong porter and watched Mr. Haygarth bat three hours for sixteen runs, and the twenty thousand who flock to the Middlesex and Surrey match because the newspapers have told them to, and who barrack any batsman who plays through a maiden over. Indeed, on those big days, I do not think that you find there the survival of the old enthusiast. You will find him rather on a cold morning shivering at the back of the mound, on the third day of a match that is certain to be a draw, when there are only a couple of hundred spectators. No one knows why he goes there. He will be very cold. He will not see particularly good cricket. Professional batsmen will play for a draw in the most professional manner. The fielding towards four o'clock will grow slack, and half an hour before the end the captains will decide that it is no good going on, and that they might just as well draw stumps. Your old man in the mound knows that this must happen. But he goes there all the same, and at three o'clock he buys an evening paper to read an account of the match and he sees that the reporter says "Hardstaff was beaten and bowled by a yorker." And the old man will chuckle, knowing that it was a half volley and that Hardstaff hit over it. And in January, when he reads through his *Wisden*, he will put a tick against that match, with the others that he has seen, and he will add them up and find that he has spent five more days at Lord's this year than he did the year before. He will remember how his grandfather used to talk to him about

Fuller Pilch ; and he will smile, knowing the superiority of Hendren. And he will continue to watch cricket as his grandfather watched it on cold days as well as warm, when a draw is certain and when there is a chance of a great finish. One day he believes that the professional batsmen will fail, that there will be a collapse and a sensational victory, and only two hundred people will have seen it. He knows that many matches are played in the year and that very few of them yield great finishes, and he knows that the only way to make sure of the big occasion is to go there whenever tumps are pitched. And it is of him that we must think when we would reconstruct the cricket world of 1830.

For Nyren was the Homer of cricket and the Homeric days have passed. In 1922 the soil is no longer virgin. Cricket is a different game, and for the novelist it is less intriguing. There is no betting, there is no dishonesty, and, though we hear whispers of the questionable diplomacy of the northern leagues, it would hardly be possible to invent a cricket story with a credible villain. Nat Gould found no difficulty in writing a hundred novels of the racecourse ; it is extremely difficult to write one of the cricket field. No cope is provided for dramatic narrative. Cricket in the lives of most of us is a delightful interlude—pleasant hours in pleasant company ; and we do not take our success or failure very seriously. At school it is important : caps and cups are at stake, positions of authority go to the most proficient ; and it so happens that the only great cricket book of recent times is a school story, P. G. Wodehouse's *Mike*. But apart from school it is hard to find in cricket a motive of sufficient strength to allow of the development and presentation of dramatic action. On the racecourse large sums of money are at stake. On the success of a horse may depend the future happiness of the hero and the heroine. But I doubt if the result of a cricket match has in recent years ever involved much more than the temporary loss or gain of personal prestige. In *Willow the King* J. C. Snaith chose a cricket match as the setting for a summer idyll, but the author of *Brooke of Covenden* would hardly rank that story highly among his other very considerable achievements. The moment for the great cricket novel has passed : irrecoverably perhaps. And in the winter months we find ourselves returning as of old to a few books of reminiscence and to our long yellow-backed, tattered row of *Wisden*, and of the two we find *Wisden* the more companionable.

JEAN AND JÉRÔME THARAUD

By WINIFRED STEPHENS

LITERARY collaboration between brothers has grown so common in France as to become almost a feature of the French literary world. In some cases, as in that of Paul and Victor Margueritte, it only lasts for a few years; in others—those, for instance, of the De Goncourts and of Jean and Jérôme Tharaud—it has been or promises to be lifelong.

It is more than twenty years since the Tharauds' collaboration began. Their first widely read joint novel was *Dingley l'Illustre Ecrivain*, published in 1902, when Jérôme Tharaud was twenty-eight and Jean twenty-five. Now some score of volumes bear their joint signatures. The brothers are in the prime of life, and probably at the height of their literary reputation; Jérôme was born in 1874, Jean in 1877. Both are University graduates, students of l'Ecole Normale, where they had Romain Rolland for a master. To-day, standing on the vantage-point of the post-war twentieth century, they set little store by their *fin-de-siècle* academic education, that *pacotille intellectuelle* which now seems to them to have consisted in *chimères romantiques* and *des plus niaises idées politiques et sociales*. These *Normaliens* and *littérateurs* protest against *la tyrannie des livres*; they, like many other French writers of to-day, have been touched by that reaction against book-learning which prevails in other countries besides France.

During their Ecole Normale days the Tharauds joined the group of young authors who gathered round their friend, Charles Péguy, in his little office in the Rue de la Sorbonne. For a while the Tharauds and Péguy lived together in a students' flat on the left bank, "somewhere between the Seine and the Luxembourg." Péguy's famous *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* were then being started, and the Tharauds were among the earliest contributors.

For the French literary world of those days *les Cahiers* had much the same authority as is exercised by *la Nouvelle Revue Française* at present; its contributors led the vanguard of contemporary literature; but apart from literature they were by no means all of one mind. Among them were socialists like Anatole France and Jean Jaurès, individualists like Georges Clemenceau and Daniel Halévy, internationalists like Romain Rolland, nationalists like Charles Maurras. The founder and editor, Péguy, was more or less of an unknown quantity, from first to last difficult to label. As for the Tharauds they have always been nationalists.

The fellow-writer with whom they have most in common, though he was not an early contributor to *les Cahiers*, is Maurice Barrès. For a while they were his private secretaries; and he has obviously had considerable influence over their work. They share his belief in instinct rather

an in reason, his passion for *les idées simples et anciennes*, his reverence for the past, his *culte des morts*. Provincials born, hailing from Limousin, the Tharauds, like Barrès, profess to dislike towns, and Paris above all cities—*La tête pourrie d'une France saine*, they call it. But, again like Barrès, they elect to spend most of the year in *la tête pourrie*, or at least on the brink of it, in the suburb of Neuilly.

From their flat at Neuilly their gaze ranges far and wide, over countries they have never seen save "with the inward eye of solitude," as well as over countries they have actually visited. For they are no inconsiderable travellers. Their journeyings round and about in Central Europe, in Morocco and in Algeria have inspired five books on which their fame will largely rest: *La Fête Arabe*, *Marrakech ou les Seigneurs de l'Atlas*, *Rabat ou les Heures Marocaines*, *L'Ombre de la Croix*, and *Un Royaume sans Dieu*. To these books their travels have imparted a certain spaciousness not to be found in the works of Barrès, whose gaze is fixed on France, whose heart is in Lorraine, who is essentially a regionalist writer. The Tharauds' interests, on the other hand, are world-wide. While Barrès probes deep into the soul of an individual or of a province, the Tharauds are at their best when they choose a wider canvas on which they reveal the soul of a race.*

They begin with our own. In *Dingley l'Illustre Ecrivain*, modelling their hero on Rudyard Kipling, with sarcastic wit and biting irony, they describe us at the time of the South African War. But this was before they had travelled; and we have reason to believe that their knowledge of us is of the book-learned sort which they affect to despise. When they actually come to grips with their subject, when they write of races and countries they have known and seen, though always ironical, they display a sympathy and there a sympathy which is absent from *Dingley*.

The first three of their greatest books, as the titles of two of them suggest, deal with North Africa—the first with Algeria, the second with the interior of Morocco, the third with the Moroccan coast.

La Fête Arabe is the only book of the Tharauds which may be called *adancieux*. Their object in this novel is to show how disastrous may be the influence of what they call *le sinistre génie d'Europe* in corrupting a native population and destroying an ancient civilisation. A thread of plot in *La Fête Arabe* entitles it to be called a novel—*Marrakech* and *Rabat* are merely descriptive.

Marrakech presents a panorama of high mountain ranges held by the Berber tribes and their chieftains, of extinct craters, of vast cedar forests, of long

ces troncs superbes . . . ces patriarches blanchis, les témoins de la Bible et du cantique des cantiques . . . on a l'impression d'avoir soudain rapetissé, d'être devenu lilliputien.

* In their early novels, *les Hôbereaux* and *la Maîtresse Servante*, the Tharauds followed their master more closely and wrote of provincial life. See *French Novelists of To-day* (second series) by the present writer.

Nothing has more powerfully impressed the imagination of the Tharauds than the African "stretches of silence, immobility and repose," vast spaces, virgin hitherto,

réservés à l'instinct, au demi sommeil de la pensée . . . une vie toujours instable, toujours en mouvement, qui se déplace avec les saisons et les querelles des tribus, et qui connaît l'inquiétude et le danger quotidien, comme aux plus vieux âges du monde.

The true hero of this book is no Berber chieftain, not the proud Glaoui in his mountain stronghold of Telouet, aristocratic and imposing, recalling some portrait painted by Philippe de Champaigne or Il Greco. It is rather the French General Lyautey, with whose exploring and pacificatory army the authors of this book penetrated into the rocky fortress of the interior.

These literary brothers are hero-worshippers like their master Barrès. Their imagination is fired by some dominant outstanding figure, like that of Count Tisza, whose portrait they have drawn and whose tragic story they have told in an article in *la Revue des Deux Mondes*.^{*} Even to the Kaiser as *un animal de grande race*, we see in this article, they cannot entirely refuse their admiration. Lyautey in *Marrakech* stands out as another commanding figure. In a passage which Barrès might have written, Lyautey's work in keeping Morocco for France during the war is compared with Gallieni's in holding the Germans on the Marne :

Ainsi, presque au même moment aux deux extrémités de l'immense front de bataille, deux hommes qui avaient fait les mêmes expériences et vécu les mêmes pensées, Gallieni sur la Marne et Lyautey sur l'Atlas, rétablissaient par un coup de génie une situation désespérée. Au cour de leur vie aventureuse ils s'étaient fait, l'un et l'autre, la même idée du commandement et du chef ; ils avaient appris à reconnaître qu'au-dessus de l'obéissance et de la discipline, au-dessus même de la volonté qui sait prendre une responsabilité, il y a l'imagination, la pensée qui découvre des solutions imprévues, et qu'à la guerre, comme partout, ce qui fait les miracles, c'est l'esprit de poésie dans l'action.

That unforeseen solution flashed upon Lyautey and led him in July, 1914, to take upon himself the responsibility of an independent action which almost amounted to disobeying orders from home. These orders were to withdraw his troops from the interior, retain only a small number sufficient to defend the coast, and to send the greater part of his army to France. To obey in detail would have been to abandon the hinterland to the anarchy which had raged there before Lyautey began his pacificatory work. The General could not bring himself to do this. In conference with his officers, Gouraud, Henrys, Brulard and Peltier, he resolved on a partial obedience ; he sent even more troops to France than had been asked for ; but he refused to abandon the interior. By reinforcing his garrisons there with every inhabitant who could shoulder a gun, he made a defence strong enough to protect not only the interior but the coast. What need of troops in the plain, when the mountain strongholds were firmly held ? Subsequent events proved the wisdom of Lyautey's bold decision.

^{*} December 15, 1920.

For Lyautey's work in Morocco the Tharauds have generally nothing but praise. But as professed enemies of colonisation in general, as bitter critics of modern civilisation, as admirers of primitive barbarism and chaos the Tharauds feel called upon to make some effort every now and then after consistency. Hence, as they seem to wish both to have their cake and eat it, while they glow with admiration as they follow their hero's motor-car, they indulge in regret at the thought that this victorious army is going to destroy *le bel autrefois*, to establish our European discipline in the place of "naïf anarchy, as if we were sure of the excellence of our civilisation and as if under the apparent order of our civilised society there was not as much real brutality, egoism and disorder." The Tharauds have already provided their own answer to such reflections.

In *Rabat ou les Heures Marocaines* the scene is of a more intimate and less imposing character than in *Marrakech*. Instead of vast forests and high mountain ranges we have the sea-coast town with its blind white dwellings :

cette maison d'Islam, toute repliée sur elle-même et orientée vers le secret. Nous la retournons comme un gant, comment faire autrement sans nous renier nous-mêmes ? Une maison c'est une âme : la nôtre est toute curiosité, agitation, inquiétude, toute projetée vers le dehors. Nous croirions déjà être descendus au tombeau, si la vie, que nous venons de laisser à la porte, ne rentrerait aussitôt par la fenêtre.

Much of the charm of the Tharauds' work lies in the discriminating reflectiveness with which they describe the fundamental differences between races and creeds. The negro rites celebrated by night in a Rabat street continue, a wild orgy of delirium, until they are hushed by the sound of the morning hymn :

une sorte d'alleluia, le grand chant de victoire de la clarté sur l'ombre, de la vérité sur l'erreur, un salut au Prophète vainqueur des forces diaboliques.*

Patient seekers after primitive and ancient ideas wherever they may be found, the Tharauds are always interested in religion. Of the frenzied religious temperament in the individual they have given us a poignant and powerful analysis in *la Tragédie de Ravailiac*. But their talent attains to its high-water mark when in *l'Ombre de la Croix* and *Un Royaume de Dieu* they paint religious enthusiasm possessing a whole people—the Jews of Central Europe.

No psychologist of race can afford to neglect the Jews. In these books, as in those we have just considered, the Tharauds write from personal observation. Their interest in the Jewish race, especially in the Jews of Central Europe, dates from the time when Jérôme Tharaud as a young Normalien accepted the post of lecturer at the University of Buda-Pesth. The revelation that his four years' stay in that ancient citadel of the west brought to him is described in the article in *la Revue des Deux Mondes*, which I have already mentioned. Among the many appeals made to the curiosity of this Frenchman in that utterly foreign city, none was more irresistible than that of Jewry.

At the University many of his students were Jews. With some of them he has kept up a correspondence ever since. They suggested to him the story, contributed to *les Cahiers*, of *Bar Cochebas, un déraciné*, a westernised young Jew, loaded with erudition, who would have given all his learning in exchange for the knowledge of how to use a knife and fork, and who, returning from his western university to his drunken father in a Jewish village of Central Europe, wonders whether he should fire his revolver to avenge the insults heaped on his besotted parent, but finally turns the weapon against himself.

At Buda-Pesth Jérôme Tharaud's favourite amusement was to go down to the Ghetto and watch the Jewish immigrants arriving from Poland and the Carpathians. He was intensely interested to observe them before Gentile influences had done their transforming work. It was to study them under still more complete Jewish influences that he and his brother afterwards visited the places whence these immigrants came—sacred Israelitish cities of Poland, Jewish settlements in Carpathian valleys, and Jewish villages of the Ukrainian Plain. There, as they watched the pilgrims flocking round the Zadik or miracle-working Rabbi, as they observed the Sopher, or copyist of holy books, absorbed in his life-long work, it seemed to these French Nationalists, these disciples of Barrèsien traditionalism, that they harkened to "the murmur of distant centuries," that they caught echoing through the ages "the true accent of Judæa, the voice of Jeremiah and Job," that they discovered the past of long ago, "preserved as in a mausoleum." They had indeed happened on those two primitive fundamental sentiments—the racial and the religious—fused and flaming in the white heat of a fervent and unique traditionalism.

Themselves French of the French, as far removed from anything Hebraic as it is possible to imagine, it is the very exoticism of Jewry, of *ce peuple étrange d'Israël*, that attracts these writers.

They have been accused of Anti-Semitism; and, indeed, this is an almost essential article of the French nationalist creed. But the Tharauds' Anti-Semitism is something very different from that violent hatred of the Jews which animates a Charles Maurras or a Léon Daudet. The Tharauds perceive the national faults and failings of the Jews as they do those of other races. To their Latin temperament, all reason, clarity, measure and taste, these Hebrews seem "full of unreason and excess," "a people who have never known either taste or moderation." The Tharauds are lovers of repose, advocates of the *status quo*, and wherever possible of the *status quo ante*; they fear the restlessness of a people condemned to eternal exile and *l'inquiétude enragée, les scrupules extravagants* of a race who invented *l'angoisse du péché, le Dieu toujours en courroux, le rachat par la pénitence et le jeûne*. With other Anti-Semites the Tharauds are inclined to emphasize the Jewish element in the political disturbances and revolutions of Europe. "The Jewish ferment" is to them a peculiar and serious danger to society. Their irony cannot resist playing over the Jewish love of gain and of controversy, over their reputed lack of physical courage, over

their horror of violence and bloodshed. The children of Israel seem to be endowed with more than "ten fingers with which to grasp and to argue." There is a Kief merchant in *Un Royaume de Dieu* who built up "his honest fortune" for years by putting his foot on the scales when he sold corn to peasants. Has not this kind of charge always been brought by adherents of one religion against those of another? Have we not all heard members of the Church of England telling of a Dissenting grocer who bade his apprentice sand the sugar and then come in to family prayers? The Tharauds accuse the Jews of Ukrainia of spending immense sums to buy their sons exemption from military service and the sons of physically disabling themselves in various ways. Were the Jews who did these things more numerous than the Christians? Who can tell? At any rate, when Jews resort to such practices we say it is because they are Jews, when Christians do the same it is simply because they are cowards.

The modern Hebraic horror of bloodshed extends to the shedding of the blood of any creature. Not even their love of lucre would induce the Jews of Ukrainia to earn rewards by obeying the authorities and killing the wandering dogs which in the height of summer become a veritable danger to the community. Not for a hundred or a million roubles would any son of Israel undertake the murderous work. It seemed to him like a premonition sent by the Lord of the massacres which threatened his own race.

The Tharauds can never quite make up their minds whether to despise or admire the Jews. Their attitude alternates between irony and a certain friendliness like that of the Polish count, Zavorski, in *Un Royaume de Dieu*. "He realised their (the Jews') faults and their absurdities. But how could he help loving their fidelity to their race and their religion, that tenacity which keeps them always themselves in the midst of other nations, that piety which has supported them through the sufferings of centuries, and that passion for the spiritual so strangely blended in them with a keen interest in material things?"

It is this mingling of idealism and realism, not peculiar to, though perhaps especially marked in, the Jewish race, that forms the underlying *motif* in these two books.

Nowhere is it more powerfully represented than in the last pages of *l'Ombre de la Croix*. They tell the story of the death of the little Jewish boy, Reuben, than whom there are few more lovable characters in contemporary fiction. Reuben's grandfather, the old Sopher, the copyist of sacred books, lies dying. Reuben has been sent to fetch all the highest dignitaries of the synagogue. The house is filled with people saying prayers. Then the boy remembered how when he had been ill his comrades came in procession to his bed and each offered to the Eternal a minute of his life in order to prolong his friend's existence. Ah, thought Reuben, if only each person here would give a few hours of his life, my grandfather might live for years. And so taking parchment and quill from the cupboard, he goes in and out among the crowd collecting without difficulty promises

and signatures. "For who would not grant to the Great Sopher a mortgage on his destiny? What loan could be safer, what investment more secure?" This one promised a few hours, that one a day or two, another a week. Last of all, at the bottom of the page, little Reuben offers his whole life.

Then, hugging his precious parchment to his heart, the delicate child runs forth into the cold night air which was to prove fatal to him. He entered the synagogue, he climbed the steps leading to the coffer which contained the holy books; and there among the sacred rolls the child placed his parchment.

There the Sopher found it weeks later, after Reuben's sacrifice had been consummated—after the child's life had been taken and the old man's saved.

It would be unlike the Tharauds to close their book on this heroic note of idealism and self-sacrifice. Through several pages more the ironic and the sympathetic continue to alternate. The Sopher lives many years longer, haunted by the vision and the sacrifice of his grandchild, which prevent him from concentrating his mind as of yore on his sacred task of copying the Torah, the Book of the Law. When at length it is finished and with elaborate ritual is about to be deposited in the coffer in the synagogue wherein repose the other sacred writings, when the Rabbi, to honour the Sopher, is reading the portion for the week, there is a pause and the reader is seen suddenly to grow pale—he had discovered a wrong accent over the name of Adonai. Then all the synagogue knew that the Sopher must have lost his reason.

In the delirious ravings of his madness the Sopher cannot believe that Reuben is dead, and is for ever seeking him.

O pauvre Juif errant, lancé sur tous les chemins de la folie et du rêve. Il cherche bien autre chose que la puissance et la fortune. Il veut rompre la loi du destin, ressusciter ce qui fut, ranimer ce qui n'est plus. Effort sublime, des millions et des millions de fois répété par une douleur impuissante!

From time to time Reuben appears to the old man as he might have been had he lived to grow up. In one of these apparitions the phantom Reuben adjures his grandfather to abandon his search. For Reuben has come to say good-bye. He, like the student Bar Cochebas, has discovered that the world is vast, that it contains more things than Jewish lore ever dreamed of. The wisdom of Horeb and Mount Sinai no longer satisfy him. He will learn what men of other ages and other civilisations have thought.

The last of these apparitions is the cruellest of all. "Around me," says the phantom, "lies the dust of ancient fables. . . . 'Next year at Jerusalem,' this ancient cry of humiliation and hope, that you have uttered in the darkness, I also uttered in the night. And now the day has dawned. The Gates of the Golden City have opened before me! . . . I have conquered the Christians. I have trampled on the shadow of the Cross, I have found Jerusalem, I have rebuilt the Temple in my own way. . . . Miracles such as our prophets predicted, miracles such as you

hoped for no longer happen to-day. . . . Look at me. . . . I am the miracle."

"Listen," says the aged man, "listen, my little child. I am old, very old. There are things I don't understand. Words buzz round me and fail to enter my brain. . . . But hearken, there is one thing I must ask you. Do you still say the Schema Israel? That is what I want to know. . . ."

A cruel, piercing laugh came out of the darkness. Ah, now his child was really dead. The great Sopher of Bels rose, took a few steps towards the table, where he had long ceased to write words of sense, and fell with his forehead on the Torah whose page he had profaned.

L'Ombre de la Croix contains more incident than is usual in the Tharauds' books. Their stories generally meander indolently along, only now and again quickening into anything like action and adventure. In *Un Royaume de Dieu* we have to read two hundred and thirty pages before reaching a real incident. This is the arrival of the Cossacks in a Jewish village of the Ukraine at the request of the inhabitants, who look to these warriors to save them from the fate of their co-religionists who in a neighbouring town have been massacred by Christians.

One might expect the introduction of those alien fighting men into a settlement of pacific and exclusive Israelites to give rise to all manner of stirring incidents, culminating probably in the very massacre so much feared by the inhabitants. But no, nothing happens save an excellent opportunity, well used, for the contrast of two divergent modes of life and thought and for the display of considerable irony at the expense of the Jews.

This book, however, is full of psychological interest and picturesque description. It shows more than any other how closely the Tharauds have studied their subject, how well versed they have become in Jewish history and Jewish lore. After all, it is not for plot that we go to these writers, but rather for masterly literary art, for poetic imaginativeness, for wealth of imagery and keenness of observation, and, above all, for their quickness to catch beneath the noise and turmoil of modernity *ce murmure lointain des siècles*, for that magical insight which imparts a deep significance to the most squalid Ghetto and clothes with romance that which to other eyes would seem merely commonplace or even sordid. From literary artists endowed with this wonderful gift of idealising the past and making it live in the present we must not expect any outlook on the future, any attempt to face modern problems, any belief in progress.

Le progrès . . . cette chose vague, impersonnelle, qui n'appartient en propre à aucune nation d'Europe et qui leur est commune à toutes, cette chose sans forme, sans visage . . . il blesse, il tue, il envoie la mort de loin; il est pour les vieux pays, les vieilles civilisations, les activités séculaires, un ennemi invisible, autrement redoutable que le soleil, le siroco et la soif.

These enemies of progress had they been present at the Creation of the World would surely have joined in the cry attributed to another Frenchman: "O Seigneur, préservez le chaos."

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. The Editor will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

THE other afternoon I regaled myself by walking among the tombs in Chiswick Churchyard. This, possibly, does not sound a cheery occupation, but, as a matter of strict fact, so potent is the charm of a really fine day, that I found the time pass very pleasantly. No doubt, if the day had been wet and cold, I should have come away in the depths of gloom, murmuring *Memento mori* to the 'bus-conductor and *Respite Finem* to the policeman at the corner. However, I did nothing of the kind ; but, though I made no moral reflections as I walked among the graves, I found myself interested in several of the people whom I found buried there. There was, for example, William Rose, LL.D. (1719-1786), translator of *Sallust*, schoolmaster, and friend of Dr. Johnson, who accused him of undue leniency in the use of the rod, "for," according to Johnson, "what the boys gain at one end they lose at the other." It was Rose, too, who was reported to have told Johnson that there was at least one Scotch writer of whom the sage would admit that he had written better than any man living ; and, on Johnson enquiring his name, answered, "Lord Bute, when he signed the warrant for your pension." Another grave at Chiswick is that of Philip James de Loutherbourg, R.A. (1740-1812), who from 1773 to 1785 was chief designer of scenery at Drury Lane under Garrick and Sheridan. And then there is—what gives me my excuse for this note—the tomb of William Hogarth. Now, when I found Hogarth's grave, I remembered that two versions of Garrick's epitaph were being sold, within a week or so of my visit, in the Burdett-Coutts sale ; so I thought it might be interesting to make a copy of the verses in their final form, and to compare them with the versions in Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue. I therefore paused by the painter's tomb, and copied down what here follows :

Farewel great Painter of Mankind !
Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,
Whose *pictur'd Morals* charm the Mind
And through the Eye correct the Heart.

If *Genius* fire thee, Reader, stay :
If *Nature* touch thee, drop a tear :
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd Dust lies here.

D. GARRICK.

When I arrived home that evening I turned to the sale catalogue, and looked at what was there. First was lot number 5, a letter dated December 12th, 1771, from Johnson to Garrick, criticising a draft, in three stanzas, which Garrick had sent him, and adding:

Suppose you worked upon something like this :

The Hand of Art here torpid lies
That traced th' essential form of Grace,
Here death has clos'd the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

If Genius warm thee, Reader, stay ;
 If Merit touch thee, shed a tear,
 Be Vice and Dulness far away [,]
 Great Hogarth's honour'd Dust is here.

And there was also lot 588, another draft, in Garrick's writing, which runs thus :

If thou hast Genius, Reader, stay,
 If thou hast feeling, drop a tear,
 If thou hast neither, hence, away,
 For Hogarth's dear remains lye here

Go seek the Works he left mankind,
 His pictur'd Morals read, and learn,
 Let *Art* and *Nature* charm thy mind,
 Then with thy Country feel, and mourn.

And not only were these two versions—with the reference to a third—in the Burdett-Coutts collection, but in the collection of Mr. John Pearson, which was sold on March 29th last, was yet another manuscript with various versions of this epitaph (extending to twenty-six lines in all) which Garrick sent to Johnson on December 22nd, 1771, with a letter beginning, "*Ecce iterum !* I shall certainly tire you, for I am tir'd myself—the following alterations are submitted to you—shall I beg your opinion once more ? " One of these last versions was this :

Farewell, *great Painter* of mankind !
 Whose Art hath reach'd it's noblest height,
 Whose pictur'd Morals have combin'd
 The Pencil's pow'rs with Fancy's flight.

If thou hast Genius, Reader, stay,
 If Nature in thee drop a tear,
 If bless'd with neither, turn away,
 For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Yet another version in the same manuscript contained, struck through (by Johnson, I suppose), the execrable two lines :

Whose pictur'd Morals have combin'd
 Instruction's force with Fancy's smile.

But enough ! for all this has precious little to do with Bibliography, though it is, I think, a pretty enough example of the art of taking several bites to one cherry.

AN American reader of THE LONDON MERCURY, taking for his text a phrase of Mr. Max Beerbohm's, "The mellow backs of books," has sent a spirited protest (which has been handed to me by the Editor) against certain types of modern book, which, when placed on the bookshelves with only their backs visible, "rob our room of some of its quiet charm and shout out their presence like the white figures on a core board." This correspondent continues, "The book bound in white vellum as a reason for its being : the vellum is attractive to look at and to touch and has a beauty all its own ; . . . But who may say that this is true of a book backed with dull white paper or cloth, already perhaps soiled with the marks of dusty hands ? And who will not agree with me in stating that the book with such a back or label is an affront to my bookish soul because, in my library, it screams its newness with offending

emphasis ? " I quite agree that white backs and paper labels are an offence ; but I go further than my American correspondent, and declare that I dislike even vellum backs until four hundred years or so of dirt have finally done away with their whiteness. To my mind there is no decent-seeming binding but calf, pleasantly mellowed. To my eye (I say no more) the modern books in my study are an abomination, and I keep them in shelves to which my back, as I write, is turned. Before my eyes stand shelves of old calf, often, alas ! ragged and broken, but even in ruin pleasant and soothing to the eye. I wish it were possible for the older fashion in binding to revive, and for the works of modern authors (even of the vegetarian Mr. Shaw) to be issued either in calf, or else merely in a wrapper and to be bound according to the purchaser's pleasure.

A BUNDLE of publications of bibliographical interest lies before me as I write. First (taking them in the order in which they come to my hand) is part 1 of volume 19 of *Book Auction Records* (Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, 39, Great Russell Street, W.C.1), containing nearly five thousand records of books sold at auction between September and December of 1921. There is prefixed to this publication an essay by Mr. C. Edgar Thomas on *An Eccentric Bookseller*—William Nelson Gardner (1766-1814). Mr. Thomas's article is readable and informing. The next thing that comes to my hand is number 33, volume III., of *The Bodleian Quarterly Record*, which has an account, signed " G. W. W.," of the readers in the Bodleian Library between November 8th, 1602, and November 7th, 1603, based on a manuscript list made by Dr. Thomas James, who was at that time Keeper of the Library. It appears from this list that the library was open, during the year in question, upon 239 mornings and 185 afternoons, and that 248 readers made use of it upon 3510 occasions. The reader with the best record was Mr. Trelawney of Exeter College, who paid 151 visits ; it is to be hoped that the chronicling of this fact, so many years afterwards, is some pleasure to Mr. Trelawney, late of Exeter College, and now—surely—of Elysium. From another note in this periodical I quote the following sentences :

. . . Only those intimately acquainted with large libraries know how many books have escaped the nets of librarians and bibliographers. This has come about not so much on account of their rarity, but rather because they were not considered to be of sufficient interest to be offered to any library, and not worth space in a bookseller's catalogue. . . . What may be obtained from the 3d. and 6d. shelves of booksellers may be illustrated by the fact that in five years a Bodleian reader presented to the Library no fewer than 2142 volumes so collected, chiefly in Oxford.

The third, and last, publication which I have to acknowledge is the March number of *The Bulletin of the New York Public Library*. In this journal is printed a series of long letters addressed to Edgar Allan Poe by a young admirer of his from the State of Maine, George W. Eveleth. Eveleth never met Poe, but he was fairly outspoken in his letters, and Poe seems to have had some respect for his judgment. Another feature of this number of *The Bulletin* is a further instalment of Mr. Daniel C. Haskell's long list of books in, and concerning, the Provençal language and its literature.

NOTES ON SALES

THE library of the late Elkin Mathews, the publisher, was sold by Messrs. Hodgson on April 26th, 27th, and 28th, and some very remarkable prices were given, especially for modern books. On the third day of the sale a good many seventeenth century books were sold, but most of them were in rather poor condition, and the first

two days of the sale, when the modern first editions and manuscripts were disposed, were really more interesting. What must, I think, be a record price for a book by Mr. W. B. Yeats was the £13 given for *Mosada*, 1886, the author's first book. Several other first editions of Mr. Yeats were also sold, many of them having autograph letters inserted, and, indeed, copies, having this kind of association, of the works of a great many authors were a feature of the sale. Another record price (this time for a particular book, not for an author) was that of Mr. Masfield's *Ballads*, 1903, which fetched £10 10s. A set of Mr. Masfield's four Letchworth pamphlets of 1916, limited to 200 copies each, fetched £11 10s.; but what was probably the most remarkable sign of the enthusiasm with which this writer's works are still collected was the bidding for the original manuscript of the Prefatory Memoir and Notes to *The Fancy*, by J. H. Reynolds, which eventually went up to £27 10s. A shorter manuscript, that of the Introduction to *Buccaneer Ballads*, fetched £9. These prices may be compared with the £35 given for the Manuscript of three stanzas (one being cancelled) of Shelley's *Revolt of Islam* (sold with one or two other things of minor interest) and the £25 given for fifty manuscript lines of a philosophical disquisition, also by Shelley. There was also a large number of books from modern private, or semi-private, presses. Among these I may mention the Caradoc Press *Book of Job*, 1909, one of two copies in vellum, £10; *A Bibliography of the Vale Press*, 1904, £3 3s.; the Daniel Press, *Odes*, etc., of Keats, selected by Robert Bridges, 1895, £2 16s.; the Dun Emer Press, *The Nuts of Knowledge*, by A. E., 1903, £3 8s.; and the Cuala Press, *John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections*, by J. Masfield, 1915, £3 12s. 6d.

I HAVE been receiving recently from America the remarkably fine sale catalogues issued by the American Art Association, of Maddison Square South, New York City. The last two to reach me are those of the *Dance of Death* Collection of Miss Susan Minns, of Boston, which runs to more than a thousand items; and that of the small but wonderfully select collection of early printed books, etc., of Mr. William C. van Antwerp, of San Francisco. There are only fifty items in the van Antwerp collection (which was sold on May 1st), but they include five Caxtons, one Wynkyn de Worde (the *St. Albans Chronicle* of 1502), and such things as the copy of Tasso's *La Girusalemme Liberata*, folio, Paris, 1644, presented by Cardinal Mazarin to Queen Christina of Sweden, and the late fourteenth-century French Manuscript of Froissart, which was recently sold at the Mostyn sale in London. This last item fetched in New York rather less (in pounds sterling) than it did in London in 1920; but, owing to the difference in exchange, rather more in dollars. My object now, however, is not so much to discuss prices of these books, as to draw attention to the very high general level of cataloguing which is maintained in America by such firms as the American Art Association and the Anderson Galleries. I don't know that they produce anything finer than the best English catalogues (that of the last Yeats-Thompson sale, for example), but the general level is certainly higher in America than in England.

THE most notable incident in the Burdett-Coutts sale, on May 15th, 16th, and 17th, was the huge price of £8500 which was paid by the firm of Rosenbach for the Daniel copy of the first folio of Shakespeare. The first bid for this famous book was £1000, and the second was £4000—surely a record jump. It is interesting also to note the extraordinary accuracy of *The Times's* prediction, when this folio was sold in 1864 for 682 guineas, that "our children's children will hear that it has been sold for ten times that sum." The second copy of the first folio, not in perfect condition, but having the very rare leaf with the end of *Romeo and Juliet* on the recto and the beginning of *Troilus and Cressida* on the verso, fetched £5400, and the

Poems of 1640, with both titles and the portrait by Marshall, £1400—as against £44 in the Daniel sale. The manuscript of Pope's *Pastorals* went for £700, and his copy of Milton's *Poems*, 1645 (lacking the portrait), for £105. All these, save the last, were also bought by the Rosenbach Company, as were the manuscript of Dickens' *The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain* (£3700); the album of autograph letters by Johnson, Swift, Addison, Pope, Garrick, John Hughes and Goldsmith (£550); the volume of theatrical drawings and engravings of the mid-eighteenth century including a portrait of Garrick by Gainsborough (£700); and a copy, on the largest paper, of Prior's folio *Poems* of 1718, with an inserted painting of the poet on vellum (£115). It was pleasant to see that the present low value of the franc does not prevent French collectors from buying books in England; and several of the beautiful eighteenth-century French illustrated books in this collection were bought by French dealers. Unfortunately these notes have to go to press too early to allow me to record the prices fetched by the long series of letters from Charles Dickens to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

THESE faces me, at the moment, a difficulty which I find it hard to solve. What am I to say about the latest catalogue (number 369, 7s. 6d.) issued by Messrs. Bernard Quaritch Ltd., of 11 Grafton Street, W.1? It is easy enough to write a short paragraph about most catalogues, and to feel that one has not done them, at least, a grave injustice. All I can do is to say that this catalogue, which covers English literature from the earliest times down to the end of the seventeenth century, and contains more than twelve hundred books, is probably the finest that any firm in the world could produce. Its quality may perhaps be indicated by the fact that it offers two complete sets of the four folios of Shakespeare's Works. The first of these two sets is priced £17,500, and includes the first folio with the portrait in the first state—that is to say, with the moustache and cross hatchings on the collar unfinished. Only three copies are known in this state, and the present copy is the only one of them that can possibly come into the market. The second set of folios is also a fine one, having every leaf genuine save the title of the first folio, and £5250 is asked for it.

I. A. WILLIAMS

MORE than once in these Notes attention has been called to such of the Lanston Monotype Corporation's type faces as are good in design and may be commended for printing books. A recent number of *The Monotype Recorder* has been printed throughout at the Cloister Press in the Monotype Series 128, which is as nearly as possible an exact copy of the famous type first cut by William Caslon about the year 1725—a type still enjoying a revived vogue which shows no signs of waning. You may judge how close is the copy, for here are the original Caslon and the Monotype imitation shown together :

CASLON'S TWELVE-POINT OLD FACE

Stefiniasus Qu

MONOTYPE OLD FACE. Designation 12/128

The good appearance of this number of *The Monotype Recorder* shows how the skill of the printer counts for even more than the merit of the type itself. And this is no less true of machine composition than of hand-set type. The pages of *The Recorder* are decorated with initial letters and head-pieces of the character which we associate with Geoffrey Tory, to whose inspiration, as interpreted by Mr. Bruce Rogers, the Cloister Press owes so much ; but the goodness of the printing is, as always, something distinct and apart from the added attractiveness of the decoration. All sizes of the Monotype Old Face are shown, from ten-point up to eighteen. The eighteen-point is weakened by over-wide spacing, due in part to the narrowness of the measure, and even more by the hideous practice of " letter-spacing " words in lower-case, which should always be avoided. The number contains an article on the history of " Old Face," of which the writer calls Claude Garamond (1480-1561) the pioneer. But changes in type-letter—such at least as are good enough to survive—do not come *per saltum*, and Garamond was only a link in the long chain of the development of the roman alphabet. On another page of *The Recorder* the Lanston Monotype Corporation announce that they are cutting matrices on the model of Garamond's type, of which in its revived form I wrote in these pages some months ago. Mr. Bruce Rogers asks me to say that the credit for the conception and production of that type as newly cast belongs not to him but wholly to the American Type Founders Company.

MR. PENNELL ON THE GRAPHIC ARTS

ALL who are seriously interested in book-making, and especially in book-illustration, should study *The Graphic Arts : Modern Men and Modern Methods*, in which Mr. Pennell's Scammon Lectures for 1920 have been published by the Art Institute of Chicago. It has been printed at the University of Chicago Press, and is sold in this country by the Cambridge University Press (34s.). Even apart from the interest of its subject-matter, the book is a notable example of American book-production. The octavo pages are machine-set (I think I am right in saying) in the Twelve-point Monotype Old Face, which is shown above, set solid, but rather too widely spaced. The type-measure and margins are adjusted so as to make a wholly pleasant page ; but I should have liked the head-lines better in its own capitals, and with its own figures for the page-numbers instead of the " heavy " Old Face here used ; neither do I like the head-lines put at the inner corners of the pages instead of in the middle. The chief excellence of the book is in the printing of the text and illustrations. These last number well over a hundred-and-fifty, ranging from mediæval manuscripts to Phil May. As they are nearly all reproductions of etchings and engravings, old or modern, the half-tone blocks from which they are printed vary much in shape, size, and character ; yet they have been " made up " in their pages with such good judgment and with so true an eye that they all seem to fit into their places with the type without incongruity or scrappiness. They are printed—admirably printed—with the text ; and that helps to give the book a unity as well as a dignity and restfulness which are wanting from most modern illustrated books. The paper used is free from any mineral coating—to test that rub the edge of a silver coin on its surface, and you will find that it leaves no mark, as it would with an " art " paper ; yet the impressions of the blocks are clear and clean.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

SOME *Account of the Oxford University Press*, " 1468 "–1921,* tells of the activities of the Oxford Press at the present day rather than its past history. That was written some years ago by Mr. Falconer Madan. Reading these pages disposes one to say of the Press what one would like to think of the University itself, that its present is even greater than its past ; for at no time in the four centuries of its history has it served scholarship so well by its publications as it serves to-day. Nevertheless, rather oddly though quite justly, this little book gives the picture of the Press as a huge commercial house with large and flourishing branches in India, Canada, Australasia, South Africa, China and Scandinavia, as well as in London and New York ; and, reading further, one realises that its services to scholarship depend almost entirely on the revenues from its trading.

Printed in Fell type of English size, this little quarto with its grey paper sides and linen back has a typically Oxford look. The pages would have been pleasanter and not a whit more difficult to read if the lines had been closer spaced : the spaces between the words of a line are often a good deal wider than the whites which separate the lines, measured, of course, between the tops and bottoms of the short letters. The text is illustrated with Fell flowers and ornaments, as well as with head-pieces, title-pages and engravings from early books printed at the Press. There are also many " Art-paper " insets, reproducing photographic views and portraits. These are dull, simply from the way they are imposed and printed. Moreover, they are only tipped in with paste in our bad English way, instead of being guarded or sewn in with the sheets of the book. In my copy some of them are already working loose. Mr. Pennell's book might give the Oxford printers some useful hints about the printing of the illustrations.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

* Humphrey Milford, foolscap 4to. 5s.

CORRESPONDENCE

MORE RAMBLINGS ABOUT BARSETSHIRE

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Mr. Harwood, in your March issue, accuses my Barseshire article of disingenuity. Let us have a specimen of his own methods.

Mrs. Harold Smith tells Mr. Robarts that he has “driven over twenty-four miles of Barseshire roads,” from Framley to Chaldicotes. Trollope says that Robarts has “galloped over a dozen miles” from Barchester to Chaldicotes. Mr. Harwood is anxious to belittle the former, to exaggerate the latter estimate. Accordingly he quotes the former as “twenty-four miles,” the latter as “over a dozen miles”—how admirable a manipulation of the word “over” ! But I will not follow Mr. Harwood in his ingenious method of giving “specimens” of an argument and leaving the main contention untouched.

Over the incidental point about the Close being the “west end” of Barchester, I confess myself to be in error through over-literalism. I admit also that I was wrong to use Sowerby’s estimate of ten miles for the distance between Barchester and Chaldicotes ; let us make it twelve and a half, to satisfy Mr. Harwood. He wants me further to reduce the twenty-four miles between Framley and Chaldicotes to allow for zigzagging roads. Let us call it twenty miles, which is surely a generous estimate. Let Framley to Barchester be thirteen miles, as he demands. Now, I take it that Barchester was ten miles or so from the railway ; otherwise the branch line would not have been so long. And the distance from Barchester Junction to Framley was thirty miles. On our new estimate, the distance from Barchester to the Junction will be about twenty-three miles : Silverbridge is West again from Framley. The distance between Barchester and Silverbridge by rail is thus, say, fifty-five miles. Now, is it conceivable that in that case Trollope, in emphasising the length of the distance, should call it “over forty miles,” when it was well over fifty ? (*L. C.*, ch. 11.) According to my original map the distance in question was about forty-eight.

Trollope did draw a map of Barset when he was writing *Framley Parsonage*. (*Autobiography*, ch. 8.) But he wrote the book, contrary to his custom, in instalments, and, I fancy, without any exact theory of the mileage. Hence, I contend, he sometimes thought of Framley as nine and Silverbridge as nearly thirteen from Barchester, sometimes of Framley as thirteen and Silverbridge as nearly seventeen, sometimes of Framley as twenty and Silverbridge as nearly twenty-four. The last of these seems to me to fit the general geographical requirements best.

Barchester was suggested by Salisbury. (*Autob.*, ch. 5.) On what ground does Mr. Harwood say that Exeter and Bristol were the nearest large towns ? On the contrary, though Mark Robarts gets the letter warning him of his father’s fatal illness in the morning, he thinks himself lucky to reach Exeter before nightfall. “Therefore,” says Mr. Harwood, “the main line runs north-east to south-west”—does it ? If so, the line Barchester—Barchester Junction must run roughly south-north. Therefore the line Framley—Chaldicotes will run west-east, or at most WSW-ESE. Framley is twenty miles from Chaldicotes, and Framley is in the Eastern, Chaldicotes in the Western division. Perhaps Mr. Harwood will explain that ?

So much for the “solution” of the Framley—Hoggstock problem, based on an inadequate conception of the whole local geography. What, then, of the railway station at Courcy ? This, says Mr. Harwood, was a different railway, which did not connect with Barchester or Silverbridge. “That is why Crosbie, coming from the North, preferred to dismount at Barchester” rather than take the train to Courcy. But Crosbie was not coming from the North ! He was coming from Guestwick (for Allington), which was on the further side of Silverbridge from London ; that is, according to Mr. Harwood, he was coming from the South-west. (See *S. H.*, ch. 16.) Does Mr. Harwood really wish us to believe in a railway which had no connections on the North, East, or West, but simply ran up from the South and made its terminus at an insignificant little country-town like Courcy ?

As to "Plumpstead," I have shown that Plumstead Episcopi is variously reckoned by Trollope at four and a half miles and at nine miles from Barchester. If Mr. Harwood cares to believe that "Plumpstead," five or six miles from Barchester, was a quite different place, he is welcome to his opinion, but he has not explained the discrepancy.

Mr. Strangeways, in your April issue, discusses the date of Bishop Grantly's death. I am afraid that, unless Trollope was indeed a prophet, the outgoing Conservative ministry must have been Lord Derby's first, the month of the year being wrongly given, perhaps on purpose: would not the generally disturbed state of Europe about 1848 account for the threat of war five years earlier? Mrs. Proudie's ten years in Barchester are, I fancy, reckoned from 1867, when the *Last Chronicles* were written, to 1857, when *Barchester Towers* was written: Trollope must have forgotten that the imaginary dates were 1869 and 1853 respectively.—Yours, etc.,

R. A. KNOX.

"THE VICISSITUDES OF ENGLISH BLANK VERSE"

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—It is strange that English Prosody should be the one subject about which people seem content to write with half-knowledge. Mr. St. Loe Strachey's article under the above title in your last number contains much that is interesting, and he is entitled to form his own opinion upon questions of taste; but his acquaintance with the history of our prosody is manifestly limited. Familiar text-books would have given him facts—I do not say theories—as to which he shows ignorance. In a book entitled *English Metrists* (new revised edition, Clarendon Press, 1921) I have tried to gather together what is known of the history and development of our prosody from Elizabethan times onward. A glance into this, or even into its Index and bibliography, would have saved him from ascribing to "two American men of letters" the first mention of lines by "F. S.," usually supposed to be Francis Sabie. My notice of these was published in 1903.

It is difficult to imagine what he means by saying (page 46) that there is only one example of "iambic" lines in other than ten-syllable metre. He himself mentions two famous exceptions, and many more might be added. Think only of Southey's *Thalaba*.

When he comes to "trochaics" (page 54), why does he omit Tennyson's in the *Vision of Sin*? How any reader of Browning's *One Word More* could fail to see that the poet is using a peculiar metre, "Lines I write the first time and the last time," passes comprehension. Of course, the fact has been duly noted and commented on, by no means merely in American or other "seats of learning."

I gather that Mr. Strachey knows the difference between (so-called) quantitative and accentual verse, though he never states it clearly, never distinguishes between the elegiacs in Clough's *Amours de Voyage* and those in his collected poems to which alone he gave that title, or between Clough's and Tennyson's alcaics. Praise of lines where the first syllable of "seely" is short, and "to" or "the" before a single consonant is long or short as the poet chooses, does not argue much feeling for phonetic values. Some of these, I fear, can only be classed with his own "dactyls," one line of which we are expected to read thus, "Lóve, were we seated by sóme peaceful river." He must forgive me if this drives me to murmur the last line of the Anti-Jacobin's second parody on Southey's "dactyls." But I gladly agree with him in two things: in admiration for Clough's best natural verse, and in the dictum that "what is wanted is an English metre which . . . has a nature of its own, and does not weary us with the sense of imitation."—Yours, etc.,

T. S. OMOND.

14 Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—As Mr. Strachey says, Shakespeare's experiment in *Richard III* has not received so much notice from the critics. It was, however, the occasion of what is perhaps the ghastliest metrical outrage ever committed on a much-enduring poet. In his edition of 1793 George Steevens attempted to rearrange this piece of dialogue in the orthodox

ten-syllable metre. The result, as he printed it in his text, is, I think, worth reproducing as a literary curiosity.

ANNE : I would I knew thy heart.

GLOS. : "Tis figur'd in
My tongue.

ANNE : I fear me both are false.

GLOS. : Then man
Was never true.

ANNE : Well, well, put up your sword.

GLOS. : Say, then, my peace is made.

ANNE : That shall you know
Hereafter.

GLOS. : But shall I live in hope ?

ANNE : All men,
I hope, live so.

GLOS. : Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ANNE : To take is not to give.

It will be noticed that to help out his metre Steevens has changed " never man was " to " man was never."

Though he had not a grain of poetry in his composition, the Puck of commentators, as Gifford called him, was no fool, and some ulterior purpose, usually an ill-natured joke, lurks behind most of his extravagances. It is just possible that this absurdity was intended as a burlesque of the metrical pedantries of his chief rival, Edmond Malone, who in his zeal for "regularising" Shakespeare's metre had insisted that such words as *arm*, *turn*, *door*, *where* must sometimes be pronounced as dissyllables, and *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle* as monosyllables. At any rate Malone fell into the trap, if trap it were, so far as to write a note refuting Steevens' arrangement on the ground that "these speeches were intended for the short metre of six syllables as suited to this light and flippant courtship." And there so far as I know, the matter has rested.—Yours, etc.,

GORDON CROSSE.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—One of the joys occasionally coming to those who cannot attain to authorship offers itself to me in a reference in the contribution appearing in your new issue under the title, "The Vicissitudes of Blank Verse." "Longfellow's distressing attempt in *Hiawatha*" at unrhymed trochaics recalled to my mind a work *Kalevala*, which appeared in that treasury of good things, *Everyman's Library*. A translation of the Finnish epic by Mr. W. F. Kirby, following the original as nearly as possible, the work (two volumes) is of sufficient length to test both translator and reader. Naturally it might be expected to become monotonous, but although I read it several years ago, I well recall my surprise at the way in which the interest was sustained. No doubt this was in some measure due to the great wealth of incident, but in greater to the way the translation was handled. My experience may have been like that of others, and my excuse for this letter is to send a quotation from the Introduction, in which Mr. Kirby says, referring to Schiefner's German version :

"Schiefner used a flexible metre for his translation, which resembles the original as closely as the different characters of Finnish and German would permit, a metre which had previously, though rarely, been used in English. His work attracted the attention of Longfellow, whose *Song of Hiawatha* is only a rather poor imitation of Schiefner's version of *Kalevala*, some of the lines being almost identical, and several of the incidents and characters being more or less distinctly borrowed from those in the *Kalevala*. The incidents, however, are generally considerably altered, and not always for the better."

Mr. Kirby is in accord with your contributor's estimate of *Hiawatha*, and possibly Mr. Strachey's anticipation of the contents of your correspondence columns may be fulfilled, and we may get the references to the previous use of the metre in English.—Yours, etc.,

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

R

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In his postscript to the article on "The Vicissitudes of Blank Verse" Mr. St. Loe Strachey writes, "I ask readers of my article to note that there is not a rhyme to be found in it." A moment earlier he has quoted, as a grand and deeply moving attempt in "an Eastern unrhymed measure," Barnes' beautiful poem, *Woak Hill*. It is very strange that he should miss the subtle rhymes which give this poem so much of its beauty :

"When sycamore leaves wer' a-spreaden,
Green-ruddy, in hedges,
Beside the red doust o' the ridges
A-dried at Woak Hill.

"I packed up my goods all a-sheenàn
Wi' long years o' handlen,
On dousty red wheels ov a waggon,
To ride at Woak Hill."

The rhyme comes, of course, with the second syllable of every fourth line.

May I irreverently remind Mr. St. Loe Strachey of one curious parallel to this rhyme-scheme of Barnes' ? It is in Tom Hood's "*Plan for writing Blank Verse in Rhyme.*"

"Rat-tat it went upon the lion's chin ;
' That hat, I know it ! ' cried the joyful girl ;
' Summer's it is, I know him by his knock ;
Comers like him are welcome as the day !
Lizzy ! go down and open the street-door ;
Busy I am to any one but *him*.
Know him you must—he has been often here ;
Show him upstairs, and tell him I'm alone."

' Axes your pardon, sir, but what d'ye want ? '
' Taxes,' says he, ' and shall not call again ! '

—Yours, etc.,
Margate, May 5th.

T. W. SHARP.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Why did Mr. Strachey ask readers of his article "to note that there is not a rhyme to be found in it," when he had just finished copying out Barnes' *Woak Hill*, which has a rhyme running continuously through it from beginning to end ? It can only be that he did not observe it : which is a pity.—Yours, etc.,

April 29th.

M. HEWLETT.

THE PRINTING OF POETRY

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—As Mr. Newdigate says, all your readers are interested in the way in which poetry is printed, yet none can feel so involved as the versifier himself. Therefore I would venture to point out what is, I think, a very strong point against the printer "dividing the poems to fill up the blanks" ; and that is, that collections of lyric verse are usually catholic in subject, and when poems of totally differing interest are printed one on top of the other, as it were, there is violence both to the eye and to the mind. In a book of mine printed some years ago I remember a would-be tragic poem, with the blank at the end filled in with an innocuous verse on a sunset, with effect—even to me—more tragic than that of the first poem. The moral of which is that after each lyric the reader, who is a diver, generally unsuccessful, requires a moment to come up for a breather—this moment a blank supplies.—Yours, etc.,

March 29th.

VERA WHEATLEY

A RUSSIAN LETTER

THE LITERATURE OF THE EMIGRATION

LIKE Florence in the days of Dante, intellectual Russia is divided into two nearly equal parts—the *intrinseci* and the *fuorusciti*. During the first three years of Bolshevik rule the boundary between them was constantly shifting, but by 1921 the two came into a state of equilibrium—who knows how stable?—the whole Russian territory having been conquered by the Bolsheviks and their opponents relegated to foreign lands.

From a purely commercial point of view the extraordinary growth of Russian book-production in foreign countries is, I think, a quite unprecedented phenomenon. Nearly all the principal cities of W. Europe and the Balkans possess more or less flourishing publishing houses; daily papers are beyond enumeration and even several respectable monthlies of the old "fat" type are carrying on rather briskly. Berlin, Paris, Prague, Sofia and Stockholm are the most important centres of the trade. Unfortunately, the great mass of Emigration literature (as far as it does not consist of reprints) is of comparatively small literary value. The greatest Russian writers—the poets—have remained in Russia. It was in Petersburg that on August 7, 1921, Alexander Blok, the greatest Russian poet since the death of Tyutchev, died of scurvy; in Petersburg that Nickolas Gumilyov was executed by the Cheka on the 23rd of the same month; in Petersburg—"the granite city of glory and of woe"—is still the residence of Anna Akhmatova, the heiress of Alexander Blok in the primacy of Russian poetry. And it was only quite recently that Andrey Bely left Moscow for Berlin, not, it would seem, for good. Poetry is monopolised by the *intrinseci*, and the Emigration have left for them the inferior province of prose. For ever since the death of Chekhov and the first Revolution Russian prose has steadily declined, and Russian poetry scored achievement after achievement.

So to say that Ivan Bunin is probably the best of living Russian novelists is not to say very much. His works—chiefly reprints—are coming out in Paris and his masterpiece, *The Gentleman from San Francisco*, has just been translated into French and is advertised as *le chef d'œuvre* of the greatest of living Russian authors. Bunin will probably fail to attract the French reader precisely because of his "latin" qualities—for the French expect the Outer Barbarians of the East to produce barbaric pageants in the style of M. Diaghilev, and reserve to themselves the monopoly of sober and well-balanced art. And Bunin is too much of the same stuff as Flaubert—with the same underlying bedrock of romanticism, the same fastidious impeccability of expression, and the same perverse love for the nauseous horrors of life. Bunin is respected, but little read. The reader is more easily attracted by the less exacting and intense work of Kuprin and Alexis Tolstoy. Both of them have become the victims of their success—Kuprin is now little more than a well-paid journalist, capable of writing with equal emotion about Wrangel and Carpentier. Of Tolstoy's novel *The Way through Hell* I have already written in THE MERCURY. Neither of these can pretend to any lasting interest or to any intrinsic significance.

I, for one, prefer the frankly frivolous and unassuming books of the humorous writers—of Teffy and Averchenko. Teffy is the more refined of the two—her style is delicate and sympathetic, her Russian flexible and pure. Her humorous effects are never overdone. Of all living writers she is perhaps the nearest to the old and honoured traditions of Russian prose. Averchenko, on the contrary, is coarse and rough. He has

undergone the powerful influence of English and American humorists. His stories are frankly caricatures, but he can make you roar with laughter.

This is all very well and agreeable, but it is not *Le Grand Art*. And when it comes to more ambitious design modern Russian prose-writers either fail piteously or achieve very little.

The name of Merezhkovsky is surrounded in the eyes of foreigners with a certain aureole, which it has nearly lost in ours. We are very far from the penetrating analysis of "Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky" and from the stimulating, if superficial, problems of Julian and Leonardo. Merezhkovsky has written so badly that his new novel, *The 14th of December*, may be a pleasant surprise. It contains a few pages that are worth reading and there was even a moment when I felt something like a thrill—when the Moskovski Regiment, headed by the Beztuzhevs and Schepin, with bayonets lowered, suddenly appears rushing down the streets, breathless with running and fury. Merezhkovsky is a born biographer and there are suggestive touches in many of his portraits of *The 14th of December*. But as a novel, or as a historical work, or even as a piece of prose, it is an irretrievable failure. And it is a pity that Russian literature will be judged by most foreigners by the hysterical, formless and useless sophistications of Merezhkovsky.

With the Russian reader Merezhkovsky's novel will, of course, have a certain *succès d'estime*, but the really stupendous success of the year is General Krasnov's four-volumed novel *From the Double-headed Eagle to the Red Banner*. General Krasnov has given proofs of unquestionable statesmanship and of a unique talent of organisation. But the man of action is seldom the man of letters. General Krasnov's novel is beneath the lowest admissible standard of literary work. The extraordinarily ambitious scheme of reconstituting the evolution which made the Russia of the Tsars the Russia of Lenin is carried out in a vulgar and sensational way—the romantic episodes are in no way better than those of Mme. Verbitskaya or any other "boulevard" novelist, and the author does not shrink in his quest for sensation before a scandalous and slanderous representation of the martyred Grand Duchess Tatiana, nor before the ridiculous introduction of the Sages of Zion, who are represented as giving instructions to Lenin!

So there is little or no first-class fiction in the literature of the Russian Emigration. But there is a certain province, not technically belonging to Fiction, but capable of possessing all its charm and by definition precluded from the traps and snares of invention. Most of the *Choses Vues* published recently by Russian political, military and other men have no literary pretensions; but two works must be put apart and considerably above all the works we have been examining; these are Erenburg's *The Face of War** and V. V. Shulgin's 1920.† The two are as different as possible. Erenburg is a Jew, a poet, an "intellectual" socialist, not without Bolshevik proclivities. Shulgin, a conservative, a member of the Duma, an active politician, a Monarchist—though hated by the extreme Right for the part he took in the abdication of the late Emperor. Erenburg's prose is that of a poet; Shulgin's that of a feuilletonist. Shulgin hardly intended to create a work of art when he set out to put down his impressions of the first months of 1920 in and near Odessa. He sees keenly and vividly and, what is extraordinary in a man whose whole career has been devoted to party politics, he sees quite impartially. He gives a vivid picture of the chaotic state of Odessa before and after the cowardly flight of General Schilling; a piercingly tragic, and at the same time gloriously humorous narrative of the retreat of the almost armless defendants to the Roumanian frontier; of the treacherous behaviour of the

* *The Face of War*. Russo-Bulgarian Library. Sofia, 1920.

† Appeared in monthly instalments in the *Russkaia Mysl* (Sofia). Shortly to be published in book form.

Roumanians ; of his lonely wanderings on the snow-clad steppe, when, tracked by the Bolsheviks and by the Roumanians, it seemed there was no chance of salvation ; and of the unexpected magnanimity of the Red Commander Kotovsky, who, characteristically enough, was an escaped convict ; then the story of Shulgin's life in Odessa under Bolshevik rule and his escape to the Crimea reads like a detective story, but it is elevated by that extraordinary—peculiarly Russian—humour which makes little of suffering, danger and death, and is so much akin to humility. The whole is written in a deliciously racy colloquial style, very “unliterary” and full of the slang then in use in the Volunteer Army and in Odessa. It is quite one of the freshest and most genuine books ever written.

Erenburg is, on the contrary, a pupil of the Latin Quarter and Montmartre, and the impress of modern Paris is very apparent in his work. A comparison with Duhamel imposes itself. The general spirit is the same, but there is no direct influence of the French on the Russian writer. And the form is different : the little fragments which compose the book are every one of them a work of art. They are very short and condensed, and pointed. It is really the first Russian war-book of any value, and it is interesting that it was inspired by France.

Erenburg hates war, and knows that statesmen and generals are only pawns in the hands of Satan. But he is Russian enough to see two sides to the question. “War is not only Clemenceau, but also Péguy.” And before Péguy's tomb he feels intensely the falsehood of all anti-militarist ranting. The whole book is constructed on a succession of contrasts of bravery and cowardice, purity and filth, charity and cruelty. And it is again characteristic of him that he is especially attracted by the “coloured” soldiers, by that strange blend of savagery and ingenuousness of the giants of the Senegal.

Another Jew of outstanding talent, and also deeply impregnated with French culture, is Mark Aldanov-Landau. But the France he has made his own is that of Voltaire and Anatole France, not of Péguy and Duhamel. Aldanov has published a book in French on Lenin, and a series of fragments from a “historical trilogy” covering a period from Thermidor to the death of Napoleon. It is interesting to compare his way of semi-documentally reconstructing history with Merezhkovsky's. And the comparison is all, and very strongly, in favour of Aldanov. It must be acknowledged that his sceptical “latinity” is far more in keeping with the task than the mystical machines of Merezhkovsky. Aldanov's method has certain affinities with that of Mr. Strachey, though they stand on different sides of the line dividing fiction from biography. But Aldanov is at his best when he has to do with living contemporaries, and I know no more delightful and stimulating reading than his excellent essay, *Clemenceau and Ludendorff* (*Sovremeniya Zapiski*, 1921, No. 6).

It is time to finish. But it would be unfair to the Russian Emigration if I were not to mention the name of Shestov, the most interesting of Russian philosophers and essayists, the great enemy of idealistic philosophy and the great commentator on Dostoyevsky. I hope to return to him some other time, for it is impossible to dismiss him in a few sentences.

I am afraid that this review lacks unity, but so does the Russian Emigration—united as it is only by the negation of Bolshevism and by the geographical fact of living in foreign lands. Alas ! the political papers of the Emigration are too often like so many Kilkenny cats, and their polemics are devoid of all literary charm or civic consolation. This, however, it would seem, is a vice inherent in all emigrations, and if I were going to describe it (which I am not) I could do no better than quote a certain passage from that great monument of Polish Emigration—Slowacki's *Angelli*.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA

May, 1922

THE usual succession of best-seller novels, diagnostic novels, and volumes of spicy or grisly short stories—each of them attended in turn by the fatuous illiterate little clamour which, in America, ascends on these occasions as if it were the essential voice of criticism—cannot conceal the fact that the most important book published during the winter was the *Collected Poems* of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson. No great clamour went up, as far as I am aware, over this: if Mr. Robinson has for some time been accepted as the “best” of contemporary American poets, the acceptance has been more tacit than express, and, when confessed, more remarkable for a vague bright generosity (pitched in a lower key than the usual generosity of American criticism—one supposes because American criticism has lost that part of its apparatus which deals with the fine as opposed to the large) than for a sure perceptiveness. It is difficult to imagine Mr. Mencken, for example, dealing at length and subtly with Mr. Robinson—Mr. Robinson would be for Mr. Mencken, one feels, merely the most provokingly fugitive and impalpable of ghosts. Nor, on the other hand, has there been much unanimity among the craftsman-critics. The poets of the “Poetry Society” applaud Mr. Robinson, but their applause is largely manual, and almost wholly unintelligent: what they applaud is something they vaguely think is Mr. Robinson’s æsthetic orthodoxy. The poets outside the “Poetry Society” seldom applaud him at all. By some few of these latter he is contemptuously referred to as a kind of “American Georgian.” But there is none like him among the Georgians.

Nor is it particularly easy to find anywhere, in English or American poetry, clear affinities for Mr. Robinson, or obvious prototypes. Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Browning have all, for this purpose, been invoked, but without much success. Traces, yes: Mr. Robinson has written a few brilliant dramatic monologues, notably *Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford*; a few meditative poems which might claim relationship with *Intimations of Immortality*—*The Man Against the Sky*, perhaps; and a good many small concise narrative portraits which suggest comparison with the carved oak of Crabbe. But beyond that, nothing—nothing, that is, unless we abandon the search for precursive signals in the poetry of the past, and look rather for Mr. Robinson’s blood-relations among contemporary novelists. It is natural to think of Mr. Hardy’s poetry as somewhat akin to Mr. Robinson’s—Mr. Robinson has the same predilection for the narrative lyric, the stringent compression of the actual, the ballad tone, the sharp dramatic gesture. But if Mr. Robinson shares these predilections with Mr. Hardy, he shares them only partially, and he shares as much, or more, with Henry James. It is, in fact, impossible to read the poetry of Mr. Robinson without thinking of Henry James. If, more than Henry James, Mr. Robinson chooses the succinct, and if his narrative, whether short or long, is less complex, it springs, none the less, from the same sources, reveals a temperament strikingly analogous. It is, like the narrative of Henry James, an affair pre-eminently of relations: a narrative, it would be more exact to say, of relations and contacts (between character and character) always extraordinarily *conscious*. If it is permissible to conceive the individual human being as standing, like a lighthouse, at the centre of his small bright circle of consciousness; and if we think of another such individual as coming so near to the first that at one point the two bright circles overlap, sharing a small segment in common; and if we then conceive our two individuals as staring, fascinated, at

that small segment, with its double light, and as approaching each other, or withdrawing from each other, to watch, in that segment, the permutations of shape and light—living, so to speak, almost wholly in their awareness of the consciousness shared, and having little awareness apart from that; in some such manner we may conceive how it is that Henry James regarded his *dramatis personæ*, and moved them, and was moved by them. His interest, like theirs, lay in the varyingly luminous contact, and in the influences thus shed; in the alteration or corruption of character by character. And something of the sort is true of Mr. Robinson. His *Merlin* and his *Lancelot* give us a Malory as Henry James might have rewritten and enlarged it, had Henry James been a poet. I am not sure that the *Lancelot* is altogether successful—in so far as it calls for breadth of narrative stream, for a crowded and noisy stage, Mr. Robinson, clearly, has not the necessary vigour. In the “crowded” scenes of the first parts, one feels a thinness, a straining, a hint of hollow melodrama; but the instant that the poem becomes a dialogue, with none but Lancelot and Guinevere on the stage, Mr. Robinson makes a clear beauty of it. And of his *Merlin* what is it possible to say but that it is one of the most exquisite love stories ever told in verse? Merlin and Vivien have here all the dim subtleties and delicate mutual awarenesses of the people, let us say in *The Wings of the Dove*. The story, the poetry, is precisely in these hoverings and perturbations, these pauses and approaches and flights. Everything is hint and gleam. Flat, outrageous statement is nowhere. The express is at a minimum, the implications are vast. The bat-like flittings and pipistrelline sensitiveness are, of course, Mr. Robinson’s own, as they might have been Henry James’. The thought, seen to be moving in gleams and hints, and the language and prosody, reticent and dimly suggestive, are one indivisible thing. There is nothing showy nor ornate, no splashing in purple: the language verges often on the coldly abstract, betraying only the most attenuated of tactilisms; the verse is often monotonous, seldom rich, and achieves its effect with a spare simplicity that is classic.

In all this one traces the affinity between Mr. Robinson and Henry James—in either case one may hazard that the fastidiousness, the love of the veiled, the luxuriation in half-lights, constitute a sort of defence mechanism, the protective cunning of souls whom Mr. Shaw would describe as “on the shrink.” This, certainly, should serve as an indication of the “texture” of Mr. Robinson’s poetry. We can see it, if we like, as we can see the subtile texture of Henry James, or of Hawthorne, as a product peculiarly American—the over-sensitiveness of the sensitive soul in an environment where sensitiveness is rare. But this need not blind us to the fact that Mr. Robinson can be dramatic, or mordantly ironical, or exquisitely lyrical, or even, on occasion (as in the Shakespeare poem), robust. His range is sufficient, his thought is richly and bitterly his own. It amounts pretty nearly to a disgrace that in England he still remains unpublished, almost unknown; and that he can be referred to, as he was referred to the other day in an English weekly, as “one of the dullest poets” now alive. If the notion needs refuting, I quote one of the smallest of Mr. Robinson’s lyrics as refutation. It is called *For a Dead Lady*, and appeared in 1910, in the volume entitled *The Town Down the River*.

No more with overflowing light
Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,
Nor shall another’s fringe with night
Their woman-hidden world as they did.
No more shall quiver down the days
The flowing wonder of her ways,
Whereof no language may requite
The shifting and the many-shaded.

THE LONDON MERCURY

The grace, divine, definitive,
Clings only as a faint forestalling ;
The laugh that love could not forgive
Is hushed, and answers to no calling ;
The forehead and the little ears
Have gone where Saturn keeps the years ;
The breast where roses could not live
Has done with rising and with falling.

The beauty, shattered by the laws
That have creation in their keeping,
No longer trembles at applause,
Or over children that are sleeping ;
And we who delve in beauty's lore
Know all that we have known before
Of what inexorable cause
Makes Time so vicious in his reaping.

CONRAD AIKEN

CHRONICLES

THE FINE ARTS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY. Burlington House

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS, SCULPTORS,
AND GRAVERS. Grafton Gallery

THE FRIDAY CLUB. Goupil Gallery

THE LONDON GROUP. Mansard Gallery

MR. CLIVE BELL tells a story of an art dealer who was greatly surprised to find that Mr. Bell did not approve of a certain picture in the advanced style. "It's Post-Impressionist, isn't it?" asked the dealer. Similarly I have no doubt that the Academy Committee who have made the, what may appear to them, enormous concession of a special room set apart for what is called the more "advanced" school will be surprised if the pictures hung there are not approved of by an admirer of some of the Post-Impressionists. It is necessary to explain the elementary fact that one neither admires nor dislikes schools and movements, but individual artists, and that there is such a thing as Academic Post-Impressionism. One always suspected that when the Academy finally opened half-way its doors to the younger and increasingly popular art, it would carefully select its own affinities, namely, the third-hand vulgarisers. And that is what it is now doing.

There is one picture in this special room which merits attention. But it is by Augustus John, and is incidentally a portrait of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Although not particularly arresting portrait, it is nearer to reality than the pseudo-realistic portraits of Orpen, which tell us nothing but crude journalistic facts. One of Orpen's portraits should be placed beside that portrait by Sir John Millais in the International which represents, at any rate, the partial fulfilment of a genuine love of realised detail. If only for the scholarly skill with which he has evaded difficulties, Sir John Lavery is to be congratulated on his two semi-official studies, one of the Royal wedding procession, the other of Lord Morley speaking in the House of Lords. Rarely are paintings of this kind carried through so successfully. Lavery is fundamentally a landscape painter, and he has seen both of these pictures as Impressionist landscapes. The sketch of the Royal procession is the better of the two, and will survive most other Royal pictures, as it contains, instead of a dull-witted photograph, flashes of lively pleasure in the gleaming colour of the crowd and the procession of carriages. The National Portrait Gallery already lacks space, and yet it is going to have afflicted on it Mr. Sargent's gigantic and monotonous canvas portraying twenty-two British Generals. Sooner or later the National Portrait Gallery will have to decide on the policy of excluding all except first-class pictures and exhibiting either photographs of the inferior pictures or of the actual persons of whom it is desired to have some kind of portrait record.

If the Academy is really in earnest in its policy of reconstruction it must face the problem fairly and squarely. It is no use extending a kind of Prussian patronage to the few and somewhat intransigent generations. The Academy has not been particularly successful in its selection from among its own generation. It is indisputably quite incapable of sitting in judgment on anyone else. It should give the New English Art

Club and the London Group complete autonomy within the walls of Burlington House. Not unless this were done could it be pretended that the annual exhibition was anywhere near representing the best of all kinds in contemporary English painting and sculpture.

It is not meant that the New English and the London Group are full of unrecognised masters or are immune from their own kind of pedantry and prejudice. Far from it : but they do have higher standards : they are out to discover the real thing and not merely the best magazine story, and they do occasionally succeed in their quest. In the Friday Club, which is a composition of the two larger societies, there is a still life by Mark Gertler which outshines all the clustered canvases of the Academy. In the London Group there are a number of landscapes which, though not first-class, are better than anything in the Academy, with the exception of the Lavery. I refer to the landscapes by Mr. Duncan Grant (No. 48), Mr. Roger Fry (No. 35), Mr. Seabrooke (No. 37), Mr. Mackinlay (No. 4), and Mr. John Nash (No. 12). There is nothing obscure for the public in these pictures. They are not Futurist or in any way disruptive. It is these pictures and others of their kind and better than them which should be hanging on the walls of that room so graciously set apart in the Academy.

MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS BY THE LATE J. HAVARD THOMAS (1854-1921). The Leicester Galleries

THE late Professor of Sculpture at the Slade School, Havard Thomas, believed that Greek sculpture followed certain very definite geometrical canons, and that all sculpture should for ever conform to these canons. "I know," he said, "that I haven't got the whole of the Greek method—but I've got something of it." Art, however, is as much a matter of psychology as of expression through a material medium, and it is impossible altogether to eliminate two thousand years of history and reincarnate the Greek psychological outlook. We can understand and admire it, but we cannot be it, and fundamentally do not desire such a repetition. Havard Thomas was pursuing a contradiction.

His Greek preoccupation and search for method are visible in his work, and though they may have helped him to construct without imagination, they weighed upon him somewhat heavily. Negatively he profited and was saved from excessive sentimentalism in his larger compositions. His *Thyrsis* is scholarly in restraint, but clumsily uninspired. Yet in a few small heads and reliefs, notably 9, 24, and 61, his natural sensibility prevailed, and he crystallised for a moment in the gracefulness of children that sentiment of tranquil and unaffected charm which elsewhere remained an incomplete aspiration.

PUBLICATIONS

SINCE CEZANNE. By CLIVE BELL. Chatto & Windus. 7s.

IN order fully to appreciate Mr. Clive Bell's book it is necessary first to have paid a visit to the Academy, and to have studied the most anecdotal paintings there and, if possible, to have heard an old stage academician discourse on the pictures in the special room set aside for the "advanced school." For there one would come into actual contact with the attitude which Mr. Bell is effectively combating, and the fact that Mr. Bell is in part simply a reaction weds him all the more closely to that from which he is reacting. He is, of course, more than this : he often makes good points delightfully, and he has genuine enthusiasm ; he is often a very acute critic, and a great part of his positive theory can be accepted without qualification.

It is in his negations that he is too sweeping and that he reaches conclusions which require limiting so as to confine them to the academical, outworn views which he is at bottom attacking. When, for instance, he states provokingly, "Both (Matisse and Marquet) achieved a strange and disquieting intensity by bold simplification and distortion, by concentration on the vital movements of the human body, and by an absolute indifference to its literary and sentimental interest . . ." he means exactly the opposite of what he says, that the artists are using the human body not simply as a symbol but as intrinsically expressive. The academicians say, however, that they are painting the actual human body, and Mr. Clive Bell takes them at their word.

The majority of the essays collected in this volume concern modern French painters, yet the best essays are those in which Mr. Bell is dealing with his own country and countrymen. Whenever he writes about French painters there creeps in somehow a tinge of the snobbishness of the foreigner who has the free entry into the Parisian studios and belongs to the best clique. And he is too deferential to these Frenchmen with their superficial studio and café chatter. One feels that he is complaisant to many French artists whom, if Englishmen, he would have ignored or condemned unequivocally. André L'Hôte, for instance, is a dull painter and a muddled critic, and Mr. Bell knows it. Yet André L'Hôte is described as "a first-rate painter"! And what of all those cosmopolitan artists whose names Mr. Bell reels off so glibly as the coming painters—Monzain, Richard, Togores, Halicka, etc.? Surely Mr. Bell is here unaccountably lowering his standards; he even praises that degenerate and enervated artist Marie Laurencin, whose "painting is adorable; we can never like her enough for liking her own femininity so well. . . ." Mr. Bell thinks that Epstein is not more than the "most brilliant pasticheur alive." Picasso, on the other hand, is a versatile genius flitting from one original idea to another. This seems to me to be rather an inversion of the real position. Picasso is a clever man with nothing whatsoever to say. Mr. Bell speaks as though English artists were only distinguished to the extent that they are known in Paris. But the Parisians are careful to know as few foreign artists as possible, except those who, like Mr. Roger Fry, are useful in introducing Parisian artists abroad.

Mr. Bell was not the first to discover Duncan Grant; but his categorical declaration as to the important place occupied by Duncan Grant in English painting, next to Constable, constitutes, if correct, a definite discovery and a courageous one. Unfortunately Mr. Bell has also published the subsequent essay in which he blunted his praise by explaining that, of course, no English painter, ancient or modern, is the equal, *inter alios*, of Matisse, and that Duncan Grant, and by implication Constable, are about on the same level as Marchand and Bracque. In the interest of his reputation Mr. Bell should not merely have suppressed that essay but have retracted its critical judgment.

Mr. Bell is sufficiently interested in his theory of art, as abstract form significant only of itself, to be prepared to modify it, and he virtually does this in his essay on "the place of art in art criticism" to the extent of allowing art to contain essentially an appeal to life "provided that the appeal be to universal experience and be made by purely æsthetic means." And in his opening essay he says mysteriously that "French painters are once again deeply concerned with life . . . they will seek the vital principle in all sorts of objects and translate it into forms of every kind. . . ." Mr. Bell need not be so afraid of the individual details of life. Art is big enough to include them without being submerged.

HOWARD HANNAY

MUSIC

PERFORMANCES

BÉLA BARTÓK'S music has left us food for thought. It is one thing to read, or try to read, the notes, and quite another to hear the composer play them, alone or with Miss d'Arányi's help. It is difficult to over-estimate that help. Miss d'Arányi grows as a violinist every time we hear her. She does nothing perfunctorily. Into the simplest passage she puts her whole self. A vivacious and keen-witted nature controlled by sympathetic judgment enables her to do more than ordinary justice to music which, with a bold dash, enlarges ancient boundaries. Bartók's own playing is trenchant and incisive; we feel at the end that virtue has gone out of him.

The aim of the vanguard of music is to find some escape from the limitation of key, from what they would regard as the "dead hand." Debussy broke away by a system of harmony which made it easy to regard a particular chord as being in any key; he turned Leibnitz's *arithmetica animæ se nescientis numerare* into a kind of unconscious algebra. Stravinsky does it by superimposing one key upon another and producing a super-key. Ravel blurs the definition of the individual note (the germ of key) by sounding with it semitone or major seventh—by crushing the grace note, in fact, into the substantive note, and so creating a haze which is neither key nor not-key. Bartók out-Ravels Ravel. His jagged dissonances monopolise attention, but as we listen they cease to distract us, and we hear them only as an unaccountable exhilaration.

In music it is to the embrace of wide and ever-wider relationships that one looks for the *stigmata* of greatness. It is obvious that any stringing together of notes is "effective" to anyone who has the clue, and that without that nothing is. We get the clue by listening not to notes but to bars, not to bars but to pages. The first time we distinguish very little; the second, we distinguish patches that make for unity from others which make for variety; the third, we begin to recognise characteristics common to the two, and so on. Bartók's music is conspicuous also for its solidarity. It relies not only on opalescent harmonies, or on acid dissonances, or on melodic invention or ingenuities of figure or grace note; on none of these alone, but on all in turn.

Since there are people who suspect "new" music of being an elaborate form of leg-pulling—an occupation, incidentally, very difficult to indulge in for half an hour on end—it may be worth while to add that this music strikes one as perfectly sincere. Dissonances, which are only short-circuited consonances after all, challenge, irritate, tickle, and finally satisfy us, until they pass over into the domain of the safe and the accepted; and it must be remembered that music is not necessarily the logical thing it was made by Mendelssohn and Brahms, to whom we for so long gave sole allegiance; like other things that are born of the spirit it blows where it lists. That is, perhaps, what the average man will value most in this music—the fresh air, the buoyant spirit, the madcap adventure of it. But he will look also for beauty and will not find it just yet; for the beauty he is thinking of has need of conventions. Those who say they find it in absolutely new music exaggerate. What they find—if they do find it—is pleasure; but that is a different thing.

To compass beauty the artist must labour sincerely and within limits for a specific end. He may have done all this and yet we may not know it—not until we

realise the problem he was solving, the obstacles he overcame, the limitations he accepted, and the purpose he proposed to himself. With old music we are helped by association—a kind of capital, in the sense that it represents past work done by ourselves or others, on the income of which we now live, æsthetically, without effort. But with new music we are called upon to labour just as the artist himself does, and that many of us—all of us, indeed, at many moments—are not inclined to do ; yet without it we shall not wrest beauty from recalcitrant ugliness. The Liberal is always as tiring to the Conservative as the Conservative is tiresome to the Liberal.

It has been said that Bartók's music is based on folksong. But listening first to his folksong settings and then to his sonata one would have said that, though those prepared us for this, yet the unsophisticated songs were far removed in spirit from the purposeful sonata. Moreover it is not the folksongs themselves, or reminiscences or adaptations of them, that one expects to find in conscious artistic music ; what happens is rather that their simple and sincere spirit holds up a standard to the composer, and makes him ashamed of idle verbiage and otiose ornament. If he embodies the queer modes in which folksong is cast, he is being not national but antiquarian, for every "folk" has passed at some time in its career through these. The gipsy (Hungarian) scale is as much a part of our Aryan heritage as the most orthodox "Dorian" ; it is only earlier, logically and sometimes historically. The only truly national things are the rhythms and melodic figures, for they are the musical counterpart of the consonants and vowels of the language, of the bodily activities and mental adjustments.

Delius's "Requiem" is a misnomer. It purports to be for the young artists who died in the War ; but if they were artists they could never have endured such words as the chorus is asked to sing, or such utter lack of characterisation in the soloists' parts. "Our days are here as one day," it begins, "for all our days are rounded in a sleep ; they die and ne'er come back again." That is mere muddle ; do we sleep or the days, and do they die or we ? If they die, how *could* they come back ? And what is "for" doing—is the rounding in sleep a reason for all being one ? And the rest is like it, wandering about in the No-man's-land between Nietzsche and *Nichts*. And if they were men, rather than artists, they could hardly have died to, nor should we care to remember them by, such violent, garish music as this. It is not too much to say that it affronted everyone who thinks that either death or music means anything. But to do Mr. Delius justice, he was thinking not so much of death as of a half-baked theory of life ; that is why his title is a misnomer. Yet if we disregard it we may recognise once more what we have always admired in his music—a spacious distribution of his masses and an alertness to all the implications of his harmony. With these he bathes his picture in light, Turner's way, not Rembrandt's, and escapes from the particular into the universal, just as the historical consciousness is wont to take refuge in myth from the detail of fact. Personally, I like the facts ; I like to hear a tune and listen for the adventures it meets with ; but it is easy to understand those who think it too concrete a thing, and hold that it must be ætherealised before it can cross the threshold of art.

The Léner quartet has produced more lovely sounds than we have heard for a long time. Ravel's quartet and Haydn's in D (the one whose *Largo* Rossini parodied in his *Cujus animam*) were dreams of beauty ; so was Dohnányi's in D flat, played in a drawing-room. Their Brahms has insufficient grip, and their pianoforte quintets miss success because the pianist is an erratic timekeeper. People compare them with the Flonzaley, but no comparisons are possible between real artists. They have been here, too—for one all too short evening. They came as near to telling us what Beethoven's Op. 121 means as anyone is ever likely to come.

Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse has entirely reconstructed our ideas of the harpsichord from a pious memory into a living faith. The harpsichord happens to be her instrument ; but as great generals and business men and divines would be great in any other walk of life, she would be an artist on any other keyboard. She compels attention from the first note ; we can always stop our talking, as Browning says ; it is she who talks—to her instrument, and through it to us. So does Miss Helen Henschel in another way. The song is her obedient humble servant ; she does with it what she pleases, and what pleases us. If it is in French we ripple, if in German we gurgle, if in English we bubble over. And it is all so easy—to play the accompaniment and not fake it, to remember the words *and* the tune *and* to conquer, seated, vocal difficulties which defeat others who stand ; we could do it ourselves—almost.

Elena Gerhardt has been singing to us again, after eight years, Brahms—her Brahms, we might almost say—and Schubert. She is one of the very few with whom we forget the singer and think of the composer only : Brahms's music has seldom sounded so ideally balanced and Schubert's so intimately true to the thought of the words. To this august company she admits only Wolf, and therein casts her vote with the majority of musicians. For the professed songwriter's task is not to make the greatest song in the world—that must be always for the singer to do—but to handle nothing ignobly and to create a level of songwriting which shall make the singer's still greater work possible. Schumann and Strauss have written as great songs as any one of these three, but they did not manage to create this level. It is a thing to be thankful for that there is no "greatest song in the world," but only as the singer makes it so down the ages, and that songs can never therefore go quite out of fashion, except in that narrow sense in which the less able singers are afraid to venture far away from the recent fashion-plates. There are bald places no doubt in Schubert, and crabbed places in Brahms, and pedantries in Wolf, if we look for them ; but their common "resolve to live in the good and the great and the whole" prevents our wanting to look.

Mr. Prokofiev's third pianoforte concerto, a quite recent work, which he played with the London Symphony Orchestra, was the first opportunity we have had of getting any true idea of his music. Like Bartók's, his playing is in great measure the making of it. He means it, every word of it. That, at first hearing, is all that one really takes away. And yet there is, perhaps, something else one finds—a hard, dour pertinacity that thinks beauty not worth winning unless it has cost something. His "variations" were the thing—the second movement. They are not like anybody else's. Each takes hold of the idea by a different handle, and yet leaves no doubt that it is the same idea. Those are words only—they would apply to many other sets of variations—you must hear them, and hear him play them. I thought they were great music : that is all that any of us can say. There is another thing : Mr. Prokofiev leads his orchestra—the conductor, good as he was, didn't for the moment matter. He leads it by being one of them—the protagonist. They "play to" him, and have no other *raison d'être*. That is the new fashion ; Malipiero, perhaps, invented it ; and it is a good one. Anyhow, the concerto made one "sit up and take notice."

Nicholas Gatty is to be congratulated on the opera he has made of *The Tempest*. To venture on such a subject—no less than the highest conception that literature has ever framed of the powers and potentialities of music—was daring. The praise that can be given to the result is that it never once steps between us and Shakespeare. A purist might reasonably object to some interpolated lines which make that operatic necessity, a quartet, possible ; at least, he would if he read them in cold print, but with the music he will hardly notice them. The opera is never great, always tunable ; the poetry is mistress, the music handmaid. The "Old Vic."—a place where folk come to enjoy, not burdened with preconceived ideas, not awed by prestige, not hampered by precedent—exactly suited it. The composer conducted, and pulled a willing but inexperienced crew together marvellously well.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

ARCHITECTURE

WATERLOO STATION

IT happened not so very many years ago that I passed through Darmstadt Station. I was unable to leave the train, and spent in it about one hour shunting backwards and forwards. The station is a comparatively modern one. It was designed with skill and well built. There is a large stone block of offices which leaves the impression of free architecture—fresh and vigorous, though perhaps too lavishly and even coarsely enriched. It gave the idea that a spirit had controlled the architect similar to that which in the sixteenth century had inspired the German craftsmen who worked for the great servants of Queen Elizabeth. Yet if this spirit was at work at Darmstadt, it was not so insistent as to mar the conception as a whole. Indeed, the station itself—the platforms, the supporting pillars, and the glazed roof and gable ends—was complete, right, and full of new interest. Ferro-concrete had been used for the vertical supports and crowning lintels, and it had taken forms natural to this material. The steel work showed no ends awkwardly left raw or projecting. The finish was careful and exact. The station looked workmanlike, gave the sense of a proper regard to economy without a suggestion of meanness. There was no evidence of slovenly thought, no joint or inconvenient corner appeared as though left to happen how it might. I was unable to see, exactly, the junction of the glass and iron roof with the office buildings, but I gained an impression that this, perhaps the most difficult part of station design, was properly managed.

With this building in his mind the reader will be apt to turn his thoughts to the latest of London's big stations, with some wonder that its parts are so poorly related to each other. But in considering Waterloo Station and the long front which faces the viaduct leading from Charing Cross and Hungerford Bridge, one at least of the designer's difficulties must be kept continually in mind. He was building a station which now faces a disordered confusion of approach roads and railway tracks but which will it is hoped, before very long, front on one of the main roadways into London at the point where it approaches the crossing of the Thames. For when the Charing Cross Bridge is rearranged and the station of that name is moved to the south of the river, it is probable that the level of the new road will conform more or less nearly with the level of Waterloo Station. Also those who feel that the new station might have been much better must remember that the conditions ruling its arrangement imposed many limitations. The new station had to be built while traffic continued and while offices for the railway management were in constant use. The general plan, therefore, was more or less fixed. The domestic and financial economy of the situation compelled an acceptance of certain conditions. Architecture more than any other art is bound by such limitations. They are a very part of its life. And they are often found to be the nourishing food on which it thrives. But in this work these conditions have been resisted rather than used. It would seem that they were found irksome, and that, therefore, they were countered at every point. In the end, with an almost human desire for revenge, these circumstances forced a resented and disconcerting recognition.

Having suggested that the new station is not a success, it is only fair to note the actual points wherein it fails. The bank of buildings which terminates the railway in London is planned in two elongated parallelograms converging on an obtuse angle blunted by a short curve. This arrangement gives an ugly and meaningless line of building, whether seen from outside or from within. A continuous regular curve

would have been satisfactory. The existing planning looks accidental or even careless rather than thoughtful and deliberate. The designer seems to have expected that surface embellishments of the external walls alone would give his building nobility and character. The mass hardly seems to have been considered as such. This is not the way to get good architecture. To be fine a building must be thought out in three dimensions ; no success can be expected from a series of planes or curved faces even when these bear upon their fronts the marks of an honourable study of the master works of the past.

The great curved mass of buildings which the site seems to call for is reminiscent of the level sky-line and austere decoration of the flanking walls of the Roman Colosseum. The exterior of that building is impressive because of its simple mass form, because of the almost monotonous repetition of its arches, and because of the emphasis given to the horizontal lines receding in perspective on its curved surface.

Within the station the junction of the glass and iron roofing with the main block of buildings—a matter that is very difficult to treat well—gives little evidence of care. The arrangement of the glazed roof itself and the form of the iron pillars on which it rests look as though the designer had too soon abandoned an attempt to give them ordered form. It must be stated that this problem is complicated by the fact that the platforms are irregular and curved.

Although the building will never be referred to as a great work of art, it possesses features which it is a pleasure to see. Among these I would mention the booking hall, the metal and brick screen in Waterloo Road that supports the main station approach, and perhaps the memorial arch, in spite of its suggestion of vulgar ostentation.

Of these the screen deserves special notice. Here are nine bays separated by coupled steel stanchions. To see these is to be filled with a desire to go and do one better on the same lines. The steelwork, the riveting, and the arch-like plates that unite the stanchions are full of inspiration. Unfortunately as much cannot be said of the brickwork.

The Approach to Waterloo Station is poor, and little can be done to better it until the proposed roadway from Charing Cross over the river is a thing accomplished. The two depend on each other for complete success. Every now and then some fresh suggestion for this bridge is launched. These suggestions are made on the assumption that the buildings on the river's north bank will be scrapped. The desire to start this work afresh has much to commend it, but the result might well be more interesting and in some respects more beautiful if existing work is included in the finished scheme. The buildings, as they are, suggest a wide roadway leading into the Strand under twin arches cut through the present hotel. Although the hotel is disfigured by coarse and heavy carving, the mass is good and the brickwork worthy of praise. The embellishments could be modified or cut away, much as lines are removed from a drawing with indiarubber. Were the new roadway made in this way it would pass between the present station walls—walls which might be arcaded at the pavement level—and continue toward the Strand, flanked on either hand by wings of the hotel. The bridge itself seems to call for a clear width of waterway greatly in excess of what we are accustomed to expect. I am even told that it would not be impossible to span the gap between the piers which once supported the suspension bridge.

One of the chief beauties of bridges is the view beneath the arches, and now that roads have to be very wide the light arches of old days take to themselves the character of tunnels, a form which makes it impossible to see through them except from a point immediately opposite. These remarks on the bridge and roadway are not definite, but are rather an indication of possibilities too often ignored. They are also in some sense a plea for a greater appreciation of London's native material—stock brick—a material now almost always dismissed as unfit for work of monumental importance.

PUBLICATIONS

ENGLISH CHURCH MONUMENTS. CROSSLEY. Batsford. 40s.

IT is indeed a real pleasure to receive a copy of this book on Mediæval English tombs and chantries. It is well and fully illustrated from photographs, very many of which are taken by Mr. Crossley himself from positions most carefully chosen. The text is sufficient and interesting. The book is properly indexed, and has a delightful title-page designed by Mr. Percy Smith.

Mr. Crossley has been concerned with two other books of like importance. He took many of the photographs which help to make Mr. Bond's book on Rood-screens and Rood-lofts the valuable work it is. Again, together with Mr. F. E. Howard of Oxford, he produced the standard book on English Church wood-work.

Mr. Crossley is a highly skilled craftsman, and so has greater authority to write on this subject than had been the case were he an antiquary only. Those who buy this book will always turn to it with fresh pleasure.

FORM IN CIVILIZATION. By W. R. LETHABY. London: Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.

A BOOK by Professor Lethaby is a very welcome event. It is almost an impertinence on my part to recommend my readers to procure it, for I doubt not they have it already on their tables. The book contains various papers read or written by the author in recent years. I have no space to quote from it at length, but I cannot refrain from printing one or two phrases wrenched from their context. From "The Preservation of Ancient Architecture": "Dead Buildings tell no tales!" From "Exhibitionism and Criticism": "All art is the wisdom of man's hands." From "Architecture of Adventure": "They (architects) have been trying to deal with a set of flavours—things that looked like things but were not the things themselves."

A GUIDE TO ENGLISH GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. By S. GARDNER. Cambridge University Press. 16s.

THIS book, specially designed to be useful to the amateur interested in English Gothic architecture, should be readily accessible in schools. The illustrations are well made from good photographs. Mr. Gardner uses the style-names invented by the writers on this subject who lived early in the last century: "Perpendicular," "Decorated," etc. This seems to me to be a mistake. The different changes that took place as time passed are better named by the centuries in which they occurred, and, once this association is established, architecture is readily felt to be a part of the life of the nation and not a thing separate and elective. How this book can be sold for so small a sum is to me a mystery.

THE RENAISSANCE OF ROMAN ARCHITECTURE. Part II.: ENGLAND. By SIR THOMAS JACKSON. Cambridge University Press. 42s.

BOOKS as well illustrated and written as this one are always a pleasure to those interested in architecture. Some who are fortunate in possessing Sir Reginald Blomfield's book on the same period may not materially add to their knowledge by reading this work; but their enjoyment of it will be increased by the fact that they already know something of the subject.

A. R. POWYS

POETRY

SMOKE AND STEEL. By CARL SANDBURG. Cape. 7s. 6d.

PUNCH THE IMMORTAL LIAR. By CONRAD AIKEN. Secker. 5s.

THE JIG OF FORSLIN. By CONRAD AIKEN. Secker. 5s.

FLAME AND SHADOW. By SARA TEASDALE. New York: The Macmillan Company.

LATER POEMS. By BLISS CARMAN. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH VERSE FROM THE YALE REVIEW. Oxford University Press (for Yale University Press). 5s. 6d.

IN AMERICAN. J. V. A. WEAVER. New York: Knopf.

ALL these books are American; the first three, it may be observed, are English reissues. This is interesting and a sign of the times; there are now living American poets with a public here; ten years ago there was none except the late Mrs. Wilcox. A selection of Mr. Vachel Lindsay's poems has been published by Messrs. Bell; Mr. Robert Frost and Miss Lowell have been published here; and it will probably not be long before some English publisher ventures on Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Miss Edna Millay, a young writer with an obvious streak of genius who may or may not mature.

Mr. Sandburg's poems are mostly sketches of Middle Western scenes. Urban or rural, they are usually rather confused: the germ of feeling is there but the imagery is tumbled out with little care for order or shape. Merely mentioning all the objects in a scene, whether they are chimneys, trombones or roses, does not give the imagination a vivid impression; and no novelty of scene will ever render art unnecessary. Mr. Sandburg's larger pieces are Whitmanesque; in his shorter he often resembles Mr. Masters. For instance:

The law says you and I belong to each other, George.

The law says you are mine and I am yours, George.

And there are a million miles of white snowstorms, a million furnaces of hell,
Between the chair where you sit and the chair where I sit.

The law says two strangers shall breakfast together after nights on the horn of an Arctic moon.

There is something there, but it is expressed rhetorically rather than poetically. The "million" is characteristic. A description of the pleasures of cocaine ends:

The blue cows are dying, no more pink milk, no more floating long arms women,
the hills are empty—us for the smoke valleys—sneeze and shiver and croak, you dopes—
the Government says: No, no.

It is like the end of a letter written hurriedly. The annoying thing is that there is certainly a poet in Mr. Sandburg, but he doesn't know how to treat him.

Mr. Aiken's two books, particularly *The Jig of Forslin*, make considerable demands on the reader's intelligence and power of concentration. It is impossible not to admire the ambition and courage of a poet who has attempted two such themes. In *The Jig* Mr. Aiken's theme is "the process of vicarious wish fulfilment by which civilised

man enriches his circumscribed life and obtains emotional balance. It is an exploration of his emotional and mental hinterland, his fairyland of impossible illusions and dreams." A world of day dreams is imputed to Forslin, who represents Man. The invention is of no obvious assistance to the poet. Parts are extremely vivid, the language uniformly unstrained and naturally musical ; but the general impression is confused. The wandering from dream to dream and from reality to dream is too rapid and too perpetual ; some sort of order should have been imposed if the reader's pleasure was to balance his fatigue ; one tends after a few " reels " of perpetually changing experience to wait for the passages of meditative twilight description that Mr. Aiken does so beautifully. It is too much like what they call automatic writing ; so difficult a theme in verse was not suitable to the method of *Tristram Shandy*. We are in the midst, as it were, of the miscellaneous visions of a drug-taker ; only Mr. Aiken's austerity denies us the purely sensual enjoyment some of those might give. Probably the poem marks a state of transition in the poet. In *Punch* the figures in the old puppet-tale are imagined into life : their adventures given a background, their characters explored, their tale told in a manner reminiscent of *The Ring and the Book*, with whose author Mr. Aiken has much in common. At the close :

In the blue twilight the puller of strings, half-tenderly
 Tumbling his puppets away—Punch, Judy, and Polly—
 In to the darkness again ; Jack Ketch and Faustus,
 Solomon, crowned with a crown of tinsel and silver,
 Sheba with small hands lifted ; Judas Iscariot
 With a noose of frayed thin silk about his neck
 And the Devil himself in scarlet with white eyes leering—
 Tumbling into their box, the cords relaxed,
 The small world darkened, whereupon they danced and squeaked—
 Leaving them there in the dusk pell-mell together ;
 And turning away, at last, to look from a window
 At a darker and greater world, ring beyond ring
 Of houses and trees and stars, sky upon sky,
 Space beyond silent space of clouds and planets.

He sees himself, a puppet, in relation to the Universe ; but his thought then turns to Judy, whom perhaps he had given little but death. It is characteristic of Mr. Aiken ; his curiosity remains unsatisfied ; his restlessness is seldom suspended. His reader feels in contact with an intelligence which is always active and which is going on working after the book is closed. This is the most important thing about Mr. Aiken ; he is one of the few living poets about whom one feels that one hasn't the least idea what sort of the work he will be doing ten years hence. He is exploring.

Miss Teasdale writes :

I should be glad of loneliness
 And hours that go on broken wings,
 A thirsty body, a tired heart
 And the unchanging ache of things,
 If I could make a single song
 As lovely and as full of light,
 As hushed and brief as a falling star
 On a winter night.

Her constant object is stated there, and her manner typically illustrated. Everything she writes is brief and simple ; the simplicity occasionally goes over the edge, but as a rule she has something to say and says it charmingly and touchingly with a complete absence of any effort to attract attention. Unlike in nature she is in point of style, if not very close, the nearest thing to Emily Dickinson in contemporary America.

Mr. Carman, often thought of here as a citizen of the United States, was a Canadian born and is still a Canadian. The volume of *Later Poems* includes the contents of three volumes previously published in the States ; it is the first collection of Mr. Carman's work that has been published in Canada. He has written some good poems ; but his later work is not as good as his earlier. He appears to write easily ; he certainly has all the formulæ at his fingers' ends ; he too frequently tum-tums to himself in the emptiest magazine way, *e.g.* :

When the leaves are flying
Across the azure sky
Autumn on the hill-top
Turns to say good-by ;
In her gold red tunic,
Like an Eastern queen
With untarnished courage
In her wilding mien.

The publication of the book in Toronto is the best thing about it, if that is an indication that Canadian publishers intend to encourage native writers of the more ambitious kind.

Mr. Weaver's *In American* may be commended to anybody who wants to find out, without labour, what American dialect at its crudest is like. Mr. Weaver does not talk it ; he is a University man and handles common poetical forms very skilfully. If he did talk it he would no more be able to write it than a 'bus-conductor would be able to write Cockney. The phonetic and even the verbal differences between popular accent and language on the one hand and conventional English on the other are only grasped by those who are habituated to the latter. In other words, this kind of verse could no more be expected to "influence" American literature (as has been suggested by enthusiasts) than Barnes's Dorset poems could be expected to influence the literature of England. Mr. Weaver, however, is worth reading for his own sake. He has an eye for character, a marked gift for dialogue, humour, and enough sense not to overdo the sentimentality. The best of his poems, and it is an unusual sign, are the longest, such as *Elégie Americaine* (in which a girl whose guy has been killed wonders whether or not to sell the Victrola (angl., gramophone) he gave her and buy a ring) and *White Collars*. The lingo might be illustrated by some of the commendatory lines by "F. P. A." of the *New York Tribune*, who, I fancy, could himself have done this sort of metrical stunt as well as he does others :

Say, listen : If this Weaver was a frog,
Er if he come a-lecturin' from London,
You'd yelp yer nut off, "Ain't the fella quaint ?
His stuff is, like they say, from out o' the soil.
Too bad America ain't got no writers."
Wha d'y mean too bad ? You make me sick.

But, as it would scarcely be fair to Mr. Weaver to leave it at that, here is one of his sonnets :

Don't look like that ! You know I druther die
Than hurt you ever, any. But it wouldn't
Be but a worst hurt after, and I couldn't
Say nothin' else that wouldn't be a lie.

It's a queer sorter that I love you—
A kinder quiet, happy peace you bring,
Like after a rainstorm hearin' a robin sing—
But it ain't the flamin' way you want me to.

Having got so far I begin to feel this one is a bit thin : the narratives with less sentiment and more slang are better. The sonnets would be improved, I think, by translation into conventional English ; they rather have the air of being translated out of it. One did not think that of the best efforts of T. A. Daly.

The collection of reprints from the *Yale Review* reflects credit on the taste and catholicity of its editor.

J. C. S.

FICTION

MORTAL COILS. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

THE CORNISH PENNY. By COULSON T. CADE. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

MR. PROHACK. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

MR. HUXLEY'S second collection of short stories exhibits his peculiar qualities on the whole better than his recent novel. There are five stories. One of them is an ingenious explanation of a murder mystery, not very well described by the title *The Gioconda Smile*. The second is a one-act play on Mr. Huxley's paramount theme of the disadvantages of being in love and the difficulties of leading a harmonious life. The third is about an old artist, a pupil of Haydon, discovered and banqueted at the age of ninety-seven. The fourth story is called *Green Tunnels*, and it is not easy to describe what it is about. The fifth is the best.

In a way they are all good. Mr. Huxley writes well, and he is more often amusing than not. But in the end all these pieces but one strike the reader as being no more than adroitly performed exercises in the arts of writing well and being amusing about nothing in particular. In the play, *Permutations Among the Nightingales*, Alberto is rejected by his mistress and consoles himself with a young lady who offers him sisterly sympathy; Sidney Dolphin, a poet, falls in love with an American heiress who asks him if he knows Mrs. Wilcox's *Poems of Passion*; the Vicomte Paul de Barbazange makes love to the Baroness Koch de Worms in order to extract from her one hundred and seventy thousand francs; Lucrezia, who is in love with Sidney, spoils his affair with the heiress but fails to capture him herself and consoles herself by consoling Alberto. The last word is with Lucrezia, whose gesture of disgust ends the play. It is deftly done; but the deftness does not do much more than bring into relief the trite thinness of what Mr. Huxley has to say. For he is trying to say something; and it is barely worth saying. The best tale, *Nuns at Luncheon*, rises on to a much higher plane because its ingenuity is so great as to become something better. Miss Penny, over lunch, tells a young author a story of a German nun; and they discuss between them how it can best be turned into literature. Thus the story itself is told with an admirable satiric commentary and with just that flavour of irony at which Mr. Huxley always aims, perhaps because it helps him in his dread of any acute feeling:

"By the way," said Miss Penny, changing her tone and leaning confidentially across the table, "I wish you'd tell me something. Do you really—honestly, I mean—do you seriously believe in literature?"

"Believe in literature?"

"I was thinking," Miss Penny explained, "of Irony and the quacking of the Norns and all that."

"M'yes."

"And then there's this psychology and introspection business; and construction and good narrative and word pictures and *le mot juste* and verbal magic and striking metaphors."

I remembered that I had compared Miss Penny's tinkling ear-rings to skeletons hanging in chains.

"And then finally and to begin with—Alpha and Omega—there's ourselves. two professionals gloating, with an absolute lack of sympathy, over a seduced nun, and speculating on the best method of turning her misfortunes into cash. It's all very curious, isn't it?—when one begins to think about it dispassionately."

"Very curious," I agreed. "But, then, so is everything else if you look at it like that."

"No, no," said Miss Penny. "Nothing's so curious as our business. But I shall never get to the end of my story if I get started on first principles."

Probably Mr. Huxley has never expressed his own peculiar temper better than in this story ; but it is fairly safe to say that unless his temper changes he cannot get much further than this. He distorts life in a peculiar way ; and even in describing how a short story is written he obviously does not explain how he himself writes a short story. He does, however, here and there in his book, give texts which might be useful for a discourse upon himself. Spode, in *The Tillotson Banquet*, is "in an itch to let out his information about Deburau." In *Green Tunnels* Mr. Huxley seems to be in an itch to let out his information about Francis Jammes. Barbara is coming back from bathing and finds that the wicked Italian Marquis has written in the sand in her path the words "O Clara d'Ellébeuse." Now, even in Mr. Huxley's public, which is presumably small and cultivated, it is not likely that more than one person in ten would understand this allusion any better than Barbara did. And so at the end of the story a dear old gentleman has to explain that Francis Jammes was a French poet who wrote "delicate exquisite things" about Clara d'Ellébeuse. Unfortunately the line he quotes was most probably not the one the Marquis had in mind. That I think must have been : "Viens toute nue, ô Clara d'Ellébeuse."

Mr. Huxley, in some of his manifestations, might sympathise with Mr. Cade in some of his ; but Mr. Cade is really much the less sophisticated of the two. The second half of *The Cornish Penny* is an astonishing exercise in the depiction of romantic and luxurious vice. Dion Aylmer, who is waited on by "a comely brown-skinned boy," and has an Oriental garden in his Chelsea house and indulges in secret Heliogabalan orgies, maintains this splendour by the simple process of theft, and, being discovered, commits suicide. But before doing so he has cured Robin Trevarthon of asthma ; and at the end of the book Robin, now fit for general service, goes off to join the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. The whole of this episode is full of captivating absurdity, but the first half of the book has something better. Mr. Cade can see and he can describe what he sees, and his account of the little Cornish town of Henliston and the asthmatic boy's life there is quite charmingly done.

Few people at one time or another have not dreamed the daydream of sudden accession to a large fortune. Mr. Bennett makes this daydream concrete and adds to it one more. His Mr. Prohack, a Treasury official of forty-six, just as he is faced with the problem of reducing his expenditure, inherits a hundred thousand pounds from a man whom he has not seen for many years. This brings in its train a car, a new large house, gigantic receptions, a visit to Frinton, a visit to a Turkish Bath, pearl necklaces, both imitation and genuine, and the friendship of the famous and the notorious. What a splendid daydream it is ! We follow Mr. Prohack through his new career, identifying ourselves with him and enjoying all that he enjoys, even when he professes to dislike it. Mr. Bennett could not have gone to work more cleverly to please us ; and on this excellent material he has imposed a very subtle refinement. He has realised that almost every man would choose to be like Charles II, who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. Mr. Prohack's trail through his new world is luminous with apt and amusing verbiage ; and here again, delighted, we identify ourselves with him. The only thing we do not envy Mr. Prohack is his stupid, vulgar, and selfish wife. Mr. Bennett seems to regard her with admiration ; but then for some time Mr. Bennett's women have been getting past a joke.

EDWARD SHANKS

LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICISM

PHYSIC AND FICTION. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

TENDENCIES IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY. By AMY LOWELL. Blackwell. 12s. 6d.

THE WORKS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Volume two. Edited by PROFESSOR ALBERT FEUILLERAT. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

THE LAUREATESHIP. By PROFESSOR E. K. BROADUS. Clarendon Press. 15s.

ROMAIN ROLLAND, THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Allen & Unwin. 16s.

FOR one reader at least the pleasure of Sir Squire Sprigge's volume of miscellaneous essays is not lodged in the papers on medical priestcraft and primordial and other stuff, but in the chapters on medicine in fiction and in art, and—most entertaining of all—in the chapter headed, *Comfortable Words About Poisoning*. There are many excellent professional men who have given up to physic what was meant in a more delightful form for mankind, and Sir Squire Sprigge has here written enough to make us conscious of that unhappy diversion and thankful that he has in part atoned for it. Some physicians have been good writers, but our author does not think that many writers have been good physicians; certain of our best novels contain bad medicine, and certain of the silliest contain good medicine. Scott, George Eliot, and Stevenson spoke nobly on the side of the medical profession, and he thinks the modern novelist who follows them will not go unrewarded. "Good novelists do not always wish to write for the ignorant, and the ignorant are, or will be, the only persons to be thrilled by patent falsehood." One might imagine the author to be speaking curtly to the film-makers, who have hitherto had so unerring a nose for ignorant and naïve inventions. His reproach is directed at Kingsley, who wrote that, "Local Government signifies, in plain English, leaving a few to destroy themselves and the many, by the unchecked exercise of the virtues of pride and ignorance, stupidity and stinginess." But Kingsley, we are reminded here, was an emotional man whose powerful appeals came from his heart and not from his reason. Dickens emerges better from our author's expert scrutiny than any other English novelist, as indeed he might from many tests—"an unconscious pathologist in the street, and he stored the memories of quaint features, crooked anatomies, unbalanced gestures and disordered gaits with the wonderful accuracy and minuteness which he displayed in recalling the buildings or the vistas. He did not know, and did not desire to know, what actual physical defects or mental lapses were producing the noticeable things. . . . He would not have been even interested to learn that Mrs. Nickleby's case has been given in a text-book as an example of 'psychasthenia, characterised by loss of conscious control of the verbal stream.'"

The disease *par excellence* of fiction, as Sir Squire Sprigge reminds us, is phthisis, and in touching this even the intelligence of Henry James seems to have stumbled, at any rate in *The Portrait of a Lady*. But our author is not exclusively critical, and offers advice upon diseases undiscovered by novelists; for example, diseases of the spleen, and malaria associated with splenic symptoms; a great opportunity, he says, since malarious spleen is a cause of sudden death from a trivial accident. He mentions foreign novelists only slightly, but I have found it impossible not to read Tchekhov more narrowly with these chapters in mind, and note how frequently yet unobtrusively the Russian master has used the art of medicine for the service of his maturer art of fiction.

Sir Squire Sprigge's book might almost serve as a manual for novelists who see their story as a figure in the harsh-hued sociological carpet. I could have wished that he had looked into another rather noticeable circumstance, namely, the high death-rate among the children of fictional families. Novelists of an earlier day were placidly content if only one or two children survived out of many ; but with novels of our own day the birth-rate is sternly shrunken and the infantile death-rate nil. A Registrar-General of Births and Deaths in English Fiction might be appointed and report, say, in the *Lancet*. . . . In another respect the present volume gives hope as well as pleasure ; the chapter Comfortable Words About Poisoning being designed for rich men and the unhappy husbands of beautiful women. The methods of skilled and unskilled poisoners are alike shown to be insecure. " This one dilemma will always remain to the poisoner. If he is ignorant entirely, sheer ignorance will hang him ; while, by as much as he knows anything, by so much will he be a marked man, upon whom suspicion will fall." The rich man's corpse will smile, though underground, at the thought of the law's revenge upon his soon-discovered assassin.

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry comes rather awkwardly at this point, making 1922 seem many generations later than Sir Squire Sprigge's mid-Victorian period. Miss Lowell's modern poets are truly modern, and the main tendencies of their work can be seen very clearly in the admirable anthology around which her prose comment is thickly gathered. . . . Very clearly, though not exhaustively, for other poets than E. A. Robinson and Robert Frost, J. G. Fletcher, " H. D.," Edgar Lee Masters, and Carl Sandburg, might well have been included ; but I suppose that the old enemy, Space, capriciously shut them out. The selections from Mr. Robinson will possibly be new to many readers here and will give pleasure, and the more readily perhaps because there is no violence, either of phrase or form, but a simple and patient use of traditional modes, with prose edging into the blank verse and making it a little innocent, even innocently wordy. His verse, with its fondness for feminine endings, seems infinitely leisured and still pleasant, lacking only or mainly in surprise and penetration. Mr. Frost's work is finding its lovers out by twos and threes everywhere in England, and if I may say so without prejudicing international relations, he is one of the writers I grudge to America ; for he seems a poet in the English tradition, even if he is modifying the tradition in many of his best pieces. His influence on the first of Edward Thomas's all too few verses is plain, and that is another of our debts to America. His poetry is the purest in essence of all that Miss Lowell quotes, and although the work of certain others may be more strenuous and dramatic, I am not sure that his is not the most truly human. And, too, it is the poetry in which form is the most subtly imbrued with subject—subject most wisely fused with form. Miss Lowell thinks that its finish precludes growth, but I cannot see Mr. Frost so vulgarly " finished," and it is the only instance in which, after quoting excellently, she appraises rather meagrely. But criticism and prose do not display her best abilities, and it is graceless to grumble, and I will only add that she will have done us all a kindness if her book results in an English edition of Mr. Frost's *Mountain Interval*.

Perhaps Sir Philip Sidney's verse and prose were at one time as provocative of speculation as American poetry is to-day ; but Sidney ended speculation by dying at thirty-two, leaving an enormous mass of finished work. The second of three volumes in the Cambridge English Classics has just been issued, under the editorship of Professor Albert Feuillerat. It contains the last part of *Arcadia*, as well as the more famous *Astrophel and Stella* and other poems. A wiser pen than mine is needed to attempt that most delightful exercise of criticism, the evocation of the just praise of Sidney from his contemporaries and later lovers, in order to compel the reader to linger over this rich proliferation :

Was never eye did see that face ;
 Was never ear did hear that tongue ;
 Was never mind did mind his grace
 That ever thought the travail long :
 But eyes and ears and every thought
 Were with his sweet perfections caught.

Few but scholars will read *Arcadia* now, but the lyrics that paint the prose with delight may not be so neglected, and the sonnets of Astrophel can never be forgotten, nor the verse of :

Onely Joy, now here you are,
 Fit to heare and ease my care ;
 Let my whispering voyce obtaine
 Sweete rewards for sharpest paine :
 Take me to thee, and thee to mee :
No, no, no, no, my Deare let bee.

It is strange that we should owe to a professor in the University of Rennes the present edition of a blessedly English poet.

Had Sidney been a poet laureate he would have provided one of the brightest figures of Professor Broadus's study of the Laureateship. Our poets laureate have been a dull set in the main, but the author of this study has made the dullest poets the most interesting, and has not forgotten that he is dealing with literature. His chapters will entertain readers with phrases such as this of Gray's, when he told Mason his reasons for refusing the laureateship. "The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureate." A model book, and beautifully printed.

Stefan Zweig's volume on his friend Romain Rolland marks the distinction between criticism and eulogy. It is his publisher, I suppose, who thinks Rolland, like Tolstoi and Gorki, is one of the men of all time, according to the phrase on the wrapper, but the author matches the fervent publisher. In the second chapter on Rolland's early childhood, he writes :

A mighty impulse from afar, from the unfathomable past, came to stir his pulses. Early did he discover music, the language of languages, the first great message of the soul. His mother taught him the piano.

It is disconcerting, perhaps, but not unamusing. Or take the end of the fourth chapter, and watch Mr. Zweig seizing metaphors by the handful :

The foundations have been deeply dug and firmly laid. It is time now to begin the superstructure. Such were his activities during these years of study. But through them there already looms a dream, the dream of a romance, the history of a single-hearted artist who bruises himself against the rocks of life. Here we have the larval stage of *Jean Christophe*, the first twilit sketch of the work to come. But much weaving of destiny, many encounters, and an abundance of ordeals will be requisite ere the multicoloured and impressive imago will emerge from the obscurity of these first intimations.

He devotes a whole chapter to a prose lyric in which he hymns *Jean Christophe*, and sees its creator as himself the "ferryman, a pious wanderer," who treads a path through darkness. Mr. Zweig's style throughout is dismaying and stirs you into questioning the things you had once accepted and the admiration you had once felt. I am sorry for the translators into the five languages in which the book has been simultaneously issued. . . . But even Mr. Zweig cannot prevent another heart quickening at the generousities of M. Rolland's.

JOHN FREEMAN

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE DAUPHIN (LOUIS XVII): THE RIDDLE OF THE TEMPLE. By G. LENÔTRE, translated by FREDERIC LEES. Heinemann. 15s.

MADAME DE STAËL. By LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. Hutchinson. 16s.

JOURNAL OF A LADY OF QUALITY. Edited by EVANGELINE WALKER ANDREWS. Milford. 15s.

MARGARET FULLER. By KATHARINE ANTHONY. Cape. 7s. 6d.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. By ALICE BROWN. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

WOODROW WILSON. By JOSEPH P. TUMULTY. Heinemann. 21s.

TRIAL OF STEINIE MORRISON. Edited by H. FLETCHER MOULTON. Hodge. 10s. 6d.

THE SOUL OF AN IMMIGRANT. By CONSTANTINE M. PANUNZIO. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

THE HOME LIFE OF SWINBURNE. By CLARA WATTS-DUNTON. Philpot. 15s.

"DEROGATORIES," to adapt Milton's Chorus, could be writ, without "much persuasion sought," of most of these books—*a-biblia*, as Lamb said of their likes. The best of them is a serious historical memoir, but the worst "yellow dog." Between those poles much journalism, written in haste to catch a market, and not to be amended before forgotten. The best of them, which is the first, gives curious information, collected with exemplary patience by M. Lenôtre, who has made himself master of his period. He is much more interested in his subject than in its presentation, and so I promise the reader will be. Nevertheless, he pieces together his infinity of detail with a lucidity which is admirable. He makes out his case, so far as it goes, that the Dauphin was withdrawn from his prison by one of the many players in a dreadful European game, anxious to have command of such a piece. I don't think there can be a doubt about that. But he cannot tell us what became of him, and is not hopeful of ever being able to tell. Of the many *faux Dauphins* the best was Hervagault, who is quite good enough to be put into a novel, and possibly has been. There is plenty of entertainment to be had from M. Lenôtre, not the least out of the shifts of the returned Bourbons after Waterloo, who, while horribly pestered by pretenders, dared not put the supposed death and burial to the proof, lest it should turn out, what was almost common knowledge at the time, that the buried child was not Louis XVII; and that while Louis XVII was still unaccounted for there could be no holding-ground for Louis XVIII. M. Lenôtre's translator is not an inspired writer, but he ought to know that we generally render the French *péripétie* by its original.

I don't find that Colonel Haggard has anything new to say of Madame de Staël. Corinne made her mark, such as it was, and has vanished. To dig her up, breathe into her nostrils the breath of life, should not be impossible, if it were necessary; but the Colonel does not go the right way about it. Nothing can be duller than general statements about the amours of a dead *cocotte*, even of quality. Corinne was more than that, though she was that into the bargain. It is a case for lively detail—which we don't get. Colonel Haggard does not know enough about her and her world, has not dug enough, has not taken pains enough. Reading of such as she, one asks, What was she *like*, this fat, voluble, roaring, black-eyed wench of a woman, who "flummeried" Sheridan "upon the excellence of his heart and moral principles," and received from him in

return "tributes to her beauty and grace"? "If she did not appear so detestably dirty, she is by no means so ugly as I expected," Maria Stewart wrote from Bowood to her mother. Few people, when all's said, could resist her. Byron was one of the few: "A plain woman forcing one to listen and look at her, with her pen behind her ear, and her mouth full of ink." The best story of all about her is Talleyrand's, which Charles Greville reports. Madame de Staël is to be set on her feet again, but not, I think, by Colonel Haggard.

The "Lady of Quality," also a lady of humour and much keen observation, was a Miss Janet Schaw of Edinburgh, who, in 1774, journeyed out to the West Indies, North Carolina, and Portugal, where she was left diarising in 1776. Her letter-journal has been carefully edited as a text by Mrs. Andrews in collaboration with the Farman Professor of American History at Yale, and is worth it.

Of two little books about two American ladies of letters, Margaret Fuller and Louise Guiney, I much prefer the second. The first is pretentious. It is self-styled "a psychological biography," and is written in neo-Freudianese which is very irritating. Margaret Fuller remains a shadowy figure involved in clouds of her own rhetoric, chiefly impressive as the friend of Emerson—"a strange liting lean old maid," said Carlyle, "not nearly such a bore as I expected"—and the heroine of a tragic marriage with a young Italian. She, her husband and child went down when the ship which was carrying them to New York, on the eve of landing, grounded and broke up in a gale. Shadowy as she was, such she remains, hidden in Miss Anthony's pseudo-scientific jargon. Emerson considered that she had a "mountainous me." We all have, mostly as large as mole-hills. But when Miss Anthony writes about the "uncanny eroticism" of the child crying for her father, she tempts me to be rude enough to say that that is elsewhere. The little rhapsody on Miss Guiney is better reading, and gives an impression of the happy, innocent life of a charming person, expressed also by herself in prose and verse of sweet English savour. Miss Brown's little book, evidently sincere, is worthy of its subject. I respect the emotion it betrays. "L.I.G.," as she affectionately calls her friend, will become a legendary figure some day, if she is not already canonised in some kindly circle. Well, here is a decorative shrine for her translated relics:

Previous (*sic*) to the gubernatorial campaign I asked Boss Davis if he thought Woodrow Wilson would make a good governor. His reply was characteristic of the point of view of the boss in dealing with these matters of moment to the people of the State. "How the hell do I know whether he'll make a good governor?" he replied. "He will make a good candidate, and that is the only thing that interests me!"

There probably lies the explanation of the martyrdom of ex-President Wilson, though Mr. Tumulty does not allege it. His book presents us with the spectacle of an honest, cultivated, unworldly man caught in the tangles of political webbery, trying to deal with "bosses" and "newspaper men" as if they were human beings of his own composition, then plunging into European diplomacy, with what results we know and could have foreseen. At first the old hands were bothered by him, and took him seriously; then, having his measure, they did what they pleased. A pathetic telegram announced the President's departure from Brest:

President's sailing from Brest most auspicious. . . . While element of novelty which entered in reception on arrival last December disappeared, there was deeper feeling manifested toward him last night in Paris than ever before. . . . Paris showed popular recognition of leadership of America in securing peace. . . . Lloyd George came over to Place des États-Unis last night and told President, *Quote*, You've done more to bring English speaking people together than ever before done by any man, *End Quote*. Clémenceau looked as if losing his best friend when he said Good Bye in Invalides Station.

Clémenceau would do that ! Then we read of the view not unnaturally taken in America of all those hollow days' work—and that was the end of it. "A good man struggling with Adversity," indeed. Philosophers cannot be kings yet awhile, over "political bosses."

I have read the trial of Steinie Morrison all through, and had I been on the jury should not have been for conviction. There was no evidence that anybody else murdered Beron, but not enough to shew that Morrison did. The only present interest in the report is in the glimpse it gives into the lives of those unaccountable aliens who pullulate in the East-end of London, and feed on each other. Parasites in grain as they are, I must suppose that they renew here the lives which they lead in Galicia, or wherever they may be said to be at home. Steinie Morrison, whose real name, if he had one, was probably Moritz Stein, figures at his trial as a creature barely human. No recognisable human emotion is betrayed by him, except anger and fear. He loved nothing, hoped nothing, desired nothing more than the satisfaction of appetite. How have such people come about ? Are they Jews ? Lost tribes indeed, which have lost Jehovah as well as Israel. Somebody ought to trace out the downward steps, deeper and deeper into the slime, of a fine race. Either in-breeding or cross-breeding is responsible. I suspect the former. All races are mongrel to a greater or less extent by this time ; but the crossing of Jew and Slav or Jew and Teuton need not, I apprehend, be more disastrous than ours of Iberian and Kelt, Iberian and Anglo-Saxon. Yet here, in Morrison and his herd, you have a reversion practically to the ape, or to something lower than that : creatures existing in thousands, whole streetsful of them, eating, sleeping, thieving, killing, or (as appears in this evidence) doing exactly nothing at all ; and rendering every ostensibly human act bestial by the way in which they do it. One gets a picture of Hell in such a book.

Mr. Constantine M. Panunzio, whose subscription makes plain what happened to him, was an emigrant, of a better type, who left his Apulian birthplace, Molfetta, one of the many little white towns panting in the dust on the shore of the Adriatic ; who, in spite of all the Americans could do to his discouragement, insisted upon becoming one of them ; and though scorned, insulted, rejected at every turn, and twice imprisoned, did finally succeed in doing it. His account of his first two years should be read, if possible, by every intending European emigrant. However, all's well that ends well. Mr. Panunzio is glad he did it, proud of his new country, and sufficiently tender of his old one to have devoted, and still to devote, much of his time and love and pains to alleviating the miserable lot of those Italians who have followed him. During the war, prevented from active service by the loss of an eye, he worked for the Y.M.C.A., first in France, later on the Italian front. There he was able to perform an unique service to Italy. His book is as nearly a book as any I have had to treat of here : Constantine M. himself a fine fellow.

As for Mrs. Watts-Dunton, my heart fails me. Books of the sort should not be written. Not even curiosity, healthy or otherwise, can be served in this fashion. She has absolutely nothing to say which needs be known, and much to say which, to have had known, would have distressed the dead. A *sic sedebat* is justifiable if done by one who has the eye and the art. I grant the lady the desire—but that is not enough.

MAURICE HEWLETT

SPORT

ALPINE SKI-ING AT ALL HEIGHTS AND SEASONS. By ARNOLD LUNN. Methuen. 5s.

NOTES ON FIRST-CLASS ROWING. By the HON. J. W. H. FREMANTLE, with a Foreword by H. B. PLAYFORD. Fabb & Tyler Ltd., Cambridge. 1s.

MR. ARNOLD LUNN is one of those extraordinary Englishmen who seem to be born for mountaineering. Unfortunately, while he was still an undergraduate at Oxford, he had a bad accident while climbing in Wales, and the lower half of his left leg was so badly crushed that it is a miracle that he should ever have been able to walk again. However, though it is possible to crush a leg, it is impossible to crush the spirit of such a mountaineer. Of recent years ski-ing has been greatly developed, and Arnold Lunn has found it possible to excel at this sport in spite of his injuries. A few days ago I saw him take a most precipitous slope absolutely straight without a fall, and, as he whizzed passed me at ninety miles an hour, I could not help admiring the astounding pluck of a man who can thus overcome the effects of such an accident. In his book, *The Harrovians*, Mr. Lunn made a bitter protest against the adoration of the boy athlete : he poured unmitigated scorn on " the flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddled oaf at the goal." The reason is that he did not excel at either of these games ; now that he has found his true sport, he has created among the members of the Public School Alpine Sports Club a regular sporting hierarchy where the Spilliken-footed skier is extolled as though nothing else in life mattered. The judgments of youth—indeed, the judgments of all time—are apt to be mistaken. Luckily, Mr. Arnold Lunn, unlike many Englishmen, is something more than a mere sportsman—he has a brain and he can write. He starts his book with a quotation from the immortal Leonardo da Vinci : " Knowledge engenders love, and the more exact the knowledge, the more fervent the love." Mr. Lunn has both knowledge and love of this subject, and therefore his book is of incalculable value to those who are fond of Alpine ski-ing. To my mind the work has but one fault—namely, it is too technical : an author of quality should be able to interest readers who know nothing about his subject ; there are humanity and humour in everything, and it is possible to make even a treatise on snow-craft quiver with vitality. Why, modern literature has proved that it is possible even to make the biography of a limited monarch interesting. There is not quite enough humanity in *Alpine Ski-ing*, and I feel that the author is too much surrounded by people who share his enthusiasm for ski-ing and for the Alps. His book will be perfect for such friends, but a little dry for those who are ignorant of the subject.

The author tells us that Alpine ski-ing is possible during every month of the year. Winter sportsmen flock to Switzerland in the Christmas holidays, because at such time the weather in England, especially in London, is abominable—pea-soup fogs and a damp penetrating cold ; at about 6000 feet above the sea there is brilliant sunshine, and, strange to say, the cold is almost unnoticeable. I have often sat sketching out of doors at sunrise and sunset in the month of January, an occupation which would be out of the question in England. At this time of year there are excellent snow slopes at the door of the hotels, and it is an ideal moment for what Mr. Lunn calls "mid-Alpine" ski-ing, *i.e.*, below the glacier level. But apparently May is the month for ski-ers as well as lovers :

The Alps are at their loveliest in May. The contrasts of May ski-ing are full of beauty. You wander for days among the glare of the glaciers, and then suddenly reach a window looking out on the valleys in the incredible beauty of the May green. You begin the day linking Christianias down some glacier pass, and wind up at sunset with a stroll through

the scented pines down through pastures rich in gentian and anemone to the river below, whose music is never so welcome as to those who have been living among the silence of the snows. No one has really heard running water until he has heard the chorus which is the mountain greeting to the spring. I have climbed in all the four seasons and lived among the mountains for years on end, and I know that there is no beauty like the beauty of the mountains in May, and no ski-ing to compare with glacier ski-ing in the late spring.

The chapter on avalanches is extremely interesting, but the more I read about avalanches the less I like the thought of them :

Of the 118 accidents to ski-runners, no less than ninety-six were on easy " low mountains." Of these, seventy-four accidents were due to avalanches. Including accidents in the High Alps, avalanches claimed eighty-six victims, *i.e.*, more than two-thirds of those killed on skis.

This excellent little book is brought to a close with an appendix on the lifted Stemming turn. Recently much contempt has been poured on the modern mania for " the Stemmiana " : the truth is that most Englishmen who took to ski-running in the early days learnt their sport in Norway, where it is possible to take almost every slope straight. This year at Mürren we had some excellent young Norwegian runners who were very moderate performers of the Christiania, the telemam or the stem, and yet one of them, Tor Klaverness, beat our best English runners in speed tests. Of course he had ski-ed since his earliest youth, and his balance was perfect ; furthermore, turns of any description in a race are a mistake : the main thing is to run straight and not to fall. It is certain, however, that for anyone who wishes to be a mountaineer on skis the various turns are essential, and, if well performed, they are delightfully graceful and elegant.

Mr. Fremantle's pamphlet contains eight short chapters of rowing tips, such as, for instance, " When the oarsman is fully forward, by a quick lift of the hands the blade of the oar is dropped into the water, and at that moment, without the loss of a thousandth part of a second, the whole strength and weight are thrown on to the stretcher and the handle of the oar " ; " It is the difference between the cat-like creep forward and the sudden spring back that is the essence of true rhythm." Of the racing spirit Mr. Fremantle says :

The effort you make is an effort of mental concentration and will power : it produces its muscular reward automatically. And it is the ability to make this effort which enables men to go on and win who by all the rules of the game are beaten ; it is the racing spirit, and its power to win races against superior form is without limit.

This certainly applies to all forms of athletics.

There are two ways of approaching the problems of oarsmanship : you may think either of driving the boat past your blade, irrespective of what your blade does, or of making sure that your blade is true through the stroke. Neither is of itself complete, but where the two meet, so that your blade is both firm and true, there is first-class rowing.

It is often said that some people are so highly endowed for games and athletics that they excel without analysing why or how they excel. Personally I have never yet met this type of athlete : assuredly there is great difference between the degree of disposition in each individual, but to my mind no one has ever reached the first class in any branch of sport without first analysing, counter-analysing, and re-analysing every movement that he wishes to perform with perfection. It is not easy to put such analysis into words, and it is still more difficult to understand any written analysis of movement (even the drill book), but such a pamphlet as this may quite well be a turning point in the career of a rowing man, in which case it thoroughly justifies its existence.

NEVILLE LYTTON

SCIENCE

A HISTORY OF GREEK MATHEMATICS. By SIR THOMAS HEATH. Clarendon Press. Two volumes. £2 10s.

PRINCIPLES OF GEOMETRY. By H. F. BAKER. Cambridge University Press. 12s.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MEDICINE. By SIR WILLIAM OSLER. Oxford (for Yale) University Press. 25s.

ATOMIC THEORIES. By F. H. LORING. Methuen. 12s 6d.

ISOTOPES. By F. W. ASTON. Arnold. 9s.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE QUANTUM THEORY. By MAX PLANCK. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

NATIONAL character finds its expression in science no less than in art. To-day, perhaps, it is to be sought in technical details of treatment rather than in any choice of subject. The competent critic can identify a French touch in the elegant complexities of mathematical analysis no less than in the painting of a portrait, without, of course, being infallible in either case. Whether it can be contended with success that certain whole branches of science have proved more particularly suited to the genius of one nation than another—whether it be permissible to state, for example, that physics has been most successfully cultivated by the English, mathematics by the French, chemistry by the Germans—is more open to doubt. Of the ancient Greeks, however, we can say with confidence that just as sculpture rather than painting, the plastic rather than the pictorial arts, expressed their peculiar talent, so also did mathematics rather than physics, the logical rather than the experimental science. Within mathematics itself the idealistic tendency of the Greeks can be traced in their preference for geometry, and the purity of their methods: whatever intuitive guesses may have gone originally towards the solution of a problem, we see no sign of them in its demonstration, which is logically built up from fixed hypotheses. Einstein's theory of relativity, in so far as it attempts to reduce the basis of physics to geometry, and to build up everything logically from a few fundamental hypotheses about space and time, after wiping out the work by which these hypotheses were reached, would, it seems to me, have appealed strongly to the Greeks. Modern physics, with its many admittedly inconsistent assumptions in use at the same time, would have appalled them.

The attitude of the Greeks towards their science contrasts strongly with that of their contemporaries. With the Egyptians, to whom the earliest developments of the science are generally attributed, geometry was, apparently, mainly used for practical calculations, such as those which arise in connection with surveying (whence the name geometry, or earth-measurement) and architecture. The Egyptian *harpedonaptæ*, or "rope-stretchers," over whom Democritus boasts his superiority, were practical surveyors, who, knowing that in a triangle of sides 3, 4, and 5, the two shorter sides enclose a right angle, made use of a rope divided into such lengths by knots. The Romans valued such mathematics as they had for their commercial and engineering applications; Cicero, in fact, prides his countrymen upon the fact that, unlike the Greeks, they confine their study of mathematics and things of that sort to the practically useful. The great Greek mathematicians may almost be said to have despised the turning of their knowledge to material ends. Archimedes, besides being a mathematician of the highest order, was the greatest physicist and engineer of antiquity, and devised a variety of military machines which long held back the Romans at the siege

of Syracuse, yet, in the words of Plutarch, "regarding as ignoble and sordid the business of mechanics and every sort of art which is directed to use and profit, he placed his whole ambition in those speculations the beauty and subtlety of which is untainted by any admixture of the common needs of life." The story of Euclid and the pupil who asked: "What advantage shall I get by learning these things?" in reply to which the geometer called the slave, and said "Give him fourpence-half-penny,* since he must needs gain by what he learns," is also typical of the traditional contempt for the commercial mind. The study of mathematics was to be pursued for its beauty, not for its utility.

We are fortunate to have in England a scholar of the learning and accomplishment of Sir Thomas Heath to undertake the task of writing a new history of Greek mathematics. He has already edited Euclid, Archimedes and Apollonius. He modestly puts forward in his preface the publication of new texts and the discovery of fresh documents as the chief reason why a new history should be written, but for the mathematician the fact that Sir Thomas Heath had not already published such a work is quite sufficient reason why he should do so. Others besides mathematicians will be grateful to him for his labours. Any study of the Greek genius must be ridiculously incomplete if it neglects mathematics, which occupied a more honoured place in the Greek than in any subsequent civilisation. Of this Plato's oft-quoted "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter under my roof" is but one indication. That the student of Greek history and of mathematical history must read this book does not, however, mean that all others will find it forbidding. Such a chapter as that on the Greek numerical notation and method of conducting arithmetical calculations will interest anybody who has the slightest curiosity, and a great deal of valuable information throughout the book is accessible to the man whose knowledge of geometry is not profound. One does not need to be deeply learned in the times to enjoy the erudite discussion as to the date of Hero of Alexandria, whom, for some reason which has arisen since 1911, Sir Thomas now prefers to call Heron. Let the casual reader, however, bear in mind that a large number of the names cited were borne by more than one well-known philosopher. The Apollonius of the *Conic Sections* is not the Apollonius of Keats's *Lamia*, nor one of the seven other more or less well-known Apollonii. The Hippocrates is not the father of medicine.

The arrangement adopted is partly under subjects and partly under names, a compromise which is, no doubt, greatly superior to a rigid adherence to the one or the other method. Archimedes and Euclid have chapters to themselves, but so have *Conic Sections* and *Special Problems*, the special problems being the famous three—the squaring of the circle, the trisection of an angle, and the duplication of the cube. Geometry, of course, occupies the bulk of the history, but the physical work of Archimedes is included, as well as the *Mechanics* of Hero of Alexandria and analogous writings. The algebra of Diophantus is treated in great detail in a special chapter. The author's name vouches for the general excellence of the work, which it is much easier to praise than to criticise. I can only suggest that some illustrations from manuscripts and printed books (such as the first English translation of Euclid and the *Mathematici Veteres* of 1693) would have added to the attractiveness of the volumes without injuring their scholarship. I should have liked to be told a little more about Sir Henry Billingsley, who first translated Euclid into English: even the fact that he was Lord Mayor of London receives no reference. These are trifles, matters of a personal desire. The volumes are a credit to English learning, and, if one not born

* Heath, Vol. I., p. 25, gives "sixpence"; on p. 357 he repeats the story with the sum threepence. Not having the text of Stobæus at hand for reference as to the exact sum, and not caring to trust my memory of things heard at school on so important a point, I have taken the average.

until he was already deep in the subject may venture to do so, I congratulate Sir Thomas Heath on their appearance.

Professor Baker's *Principles of Geometry* is appearing in separate volumes, of which the first has just been published. It deals with fundamentals, and serves to emphasise our debt to the Greeks, especially, in this case, to Pappus. Too technical for detailed discussion here, it forms an excellent introduction to the geometry of related ranges, projective geometry.

Sir William Osler's *Evolution of Modern Medicine* is a delightful book which comes to remind us that in him we lost "the best-balanced, best-equipped, most sagacious and most lovable of all modern physicians." He was an enthusiastic student of the history of medicine, and, indeed, of all science, always anxious to urge upon the man of to-day the pleasure and profit to be derived from a study of the original work of the great masters of medicine. "I cannot too warmly recommend to young clinicians the reading of Morgagni," he adds, after a simple description of the work of that great man, and this is typical. The book is the printed version of a course of the famous Silliman lectures delivered at Yale University. Osler was a book-lover as well as a man of the widest reading, one manifestation of which is the magnificent series of illustrations which adorn his book. Reproductions of pages from beautiful historic books—medical incunables, the *Epitome* of Vesalius (1543), and such like—and from later books of greater historic than æsthetic value; portraits, maps, and diagrams, all excellent and all appropriate, help to make the book the pleasant thing it is. The production, too, plays its part, being uniformly good. I regret the glazed paper, heavy with clay, necessitated by the half-tone illustrations in the text, but it cannot be helped. In somewhat over two hundred pages the author runs over the whole history of medicine up to modern times, so that he has no opportunity to go very deep into any particular period. In consequence there is nothing to alarm unduly the general reader. It may surprise some to learn that both Sir Thomas Heath and Sir William Osler introduce themselves with quotations from Shelley, while the latter concludes with another quotation from the same poet.

Physical science to-day is much concerned with the problem of the structure of the atom, which did not much trouble previous ages, content to take atoms as ultimate things. Of far-reaching importance in connection with atomic structure and the theory of spectra is Planck's *quantum theory* of radiation. The address which Professor Planck delivered on his theory when he received the Nobel Prize has been translated by Drs. Clarke and Silberstein, and will be welcomed by many as giving an authentic account of the evolution of the theory. The question of *Isotopes*, i.e., certain groups of atoms of different weight, but the same chemical and optical properties, which have been discovered in the last ten years, is very well handled by Dr. Aston, who has himself contributed so much to our knowledge of the subject during the last few years. Mr. Loring in his book on *Atomic Structure* deals with the whole recent work on the problem. He has undertaken a very difficult task, with a measure of success. The book is very scrappy, the author being, perhaps, somewhat too prone to quote bodily from his authorities. Under each chapter heading will be found collected abstracts of the chief work in the part of the field specified, which is undoubtedly useful. Mr. Loring is possibly more familiar with the chemical than the physical work, and rather tends to lean heavily on the Langmuir theory. The book shows extremely comprehensive reading, and will, no doubt, achieve a large circulation.

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE